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Photo. by LAFAYETTE,

MISS OLIVE NINA MARY CHETWYND.

179, New Bond Street.



THE success of many a promising expedition has been jeopardised by the thirst, unwisely gratified, of some of its members, and the thirst of some of the members of Captain Christie's expedition presented a problem not easily grappled with. It was a thirst that was tropical, yet at the same time temperate, for the object of its desire was nothing more deleterious than a cup of water. It was a thirst that might have crowned itself with a coronet of blue ribbon.

None the less it was a considerable nuisance. Thirst, and a temporary lack of food, were the almost adequate reasons for a wholesale desertion of the camel-men that threatened to leave the chief member of the expedition stranded in the desert with his kit and his trophies. The desertion was wholesale, save for one exception, that of the head camel-man, Khadid, trustworthy beyond all others. Incidentally, his portrait appears in the picture of CAPTAIN CHRISTIE'S FIRST RHINOCEROS. "The gentleman absently holding the animal's tail," writes Captain Christie, "was Doalla, my head shikari, a good man in every way—cool, plucky, a senior wrangler in the science of woodcraft, and the 'gentleman' of all my Somalis." Khadid, the head camel-man, is next to him in the picture.

Luckily this episode, in which the virtues of Khadid shone so conspicuously, lasted only twenty-four hours, for at a day's march from camp the deserters met the long-belated relief party which they had made up their minds would never come, and forthwith all was sweetness and light—food and drink—again.

Next to Khadid stands one whom Captain Christie speaks of as "a treasure." "He did most of the hard work, and when



THE WATER CARRIERS.

all the others were played out I could always fall back on him as an emergency."

Fourth from the right is a person of not a little importance, Hassan Gungerwein, name unspellable, almost unpronounceable, but denoting functions of the first responsibility, for he was gun-carrier. A good gun-carrier, withal, to be trusted at a pinch, but of a queer temper. Of him Captain Christie tells a curious story, suggestive to lovers of folklore, students of the totem cult, and all, maybe, who take an intelligent interest in the nursery stories of the human race. His master came on him eating a piece of fat camel, and told him, in humorous remonstrance on his excessive and perpetual appetite, that he resembled a hyæna. The hyæna is not always reputed the type of great virtues in Europe—perhaps we do not know him well enough. Hassan, in any case, was delighted—immensely flattered. His friends took up the nickname and called him, in their own Somali tongue, Worraba, that is to say, hyæna; and whenever any trouble arose, and the temper of the gun-bearer seemed to be growing queer, it needed only that Captain Christie should call him by this flattering name for all to be "smooth and easy," and for Worraba to do his best. Finally, on the far left, stands Tibsil Ali, syce and butler, and one of the best of his class. He is a well-known character in Aden, where he drives a public conveyance still. Captain



CAPTAIN CHRISTIE'S FIRST RHINOCEROS.

Christie, always most ready with his generous praise, affirms that his pony was ever in good fettle under Tibsil Ali's care, and that the syce's cheery face in the morning was as good as a view-holloa! He must have been a fellow, besides, of splendid pluck, for there is told of him a story almost worthy to be put beside that of the shikari who jumped on the lioness' back and pulled her by the ears off the young Englishman whose arm she was quietly munching. The story of Tibsil Ali is that once, as they were closing for the night the thorn fence round the currier, or native village—a precaution as homely and necessary as locking the front door in this country—a lion rushed in at the gap and bore off Tibsil Ali's father to a distance of 20yds., where he lay over his prey and growled. Tibsil Ali did not stay to get his spear, thinking that the lion would not wait long before beginning his dinner. He seized a burning branch, and with this inadequate arm rushed out, beat the lion severely about the head, forced it off his father, and bore the latter back to the shelter of the currier.

But even Tibsil Ali had his weaknesses. Now and again the thirst over-mastered him. It was his function to fill and carry Captain Christie's water-bottle. He did the filling and the carrying, but too often he did some emptying too, which was not in the curriculum of his duties; and his own water-bottle he often forgot to fill. Therefore it befell that often his master had to go athirst because Tibsil Ali had poured the water that should have been in the bottle into another receptacle. Captain Christie generously says that the remembrance of the man's bravery in his father's service was often a consideration which mitigated the fury of the reproaches that the quaint, winking-eyed fellow—see his picture—so richly merited.

It was possible, and advisable, to filter the water, but the water that was not filtered had this merit, that, being mainly mud, it could be carried, after a fashion, in those plaited grass vessels which are seen with the women in the picture. Waterproof they are not, and even the mud trickled through not a little; but with some repairs every third day or so they held



THE RESTING-PLACE.

mud indifferently well. The ladies are of an excessive modesty in this matter of photography, fearing the "devil in the camera," as they term it, even more than the men. Our professional beauties are far less timid. Hassan Gungerwein, the hyæna, was alone successful in persuading them to stand for their portraits, and even he, as will be seen, dared not go far enough from them, when once they were marshalled into position, to be outside the camera's focus. The "cost of production" in photographic affairs is much increased when such largess of needles and cotton cloth has to be distributed to induce the victims to stand fire.

The ant-hills shown in the first article are a curious feature of the country, without which the great waterless plain in which they stand would be yet more bare and featureless. It is in this thirsty land, about three days' journey from any well, that the camp is halting for its midday rest in the last two scenes. These are comfortless days, when every drop of water has to be hoarded as if it were molten gold, but there is little fear of your Somali being depressed. He knew at the start what lay before him. As Captain Christie describes him he is not the man to desert you in an hour of real need, real peril. So long as he believes you to be safe he may be faithless, may leave you in any awkward hole that chance suggests or his own ingenuity devises, if thereby he can screw from you yet another rupee above his contract price. This he scruples not to do. But as the danger rises so may your faith in him increase. In your dire need he will not fail you, and then not on any account by reason of his insensibility to danger, for he is quick to conceive it as he is bold to face it. His is the truest courage that confronts the foe though it knows the risks. With this, his temper is subject to sudden fits of passion, lightly kindled, and, until blood be shed, lightly allayed. A joke will turn his wrath aside, but once let the blood feud be started and it only can be laid to rest at the price of many camels.

(To be continued.)



A MIDDAY HALT.

MY FRIEND THE POACHER.

MICHAEL ANDREWS was one of the very most respectable of my boyhood's friends. Had he not been so I should not have been permitted by the authorities so close an intimacy with him. No doubt there was something in the Scriptural suggestion of the names that made him specially acceptable. It is true that they lost something of their dignity when whittled down to the familiar Mike, but I was careful never to speak of him so in the family circle. Seeing how respectable the man was, both in his aspect and in his industrious and steady behaviour, it seemed no doubt curious to the uninformed that he applied to no master for a permanent berth, preferring constantly to do odds and ends of piece-work for this, that, or the other farmer all over the country-side. I, who knew him well, could appreciate and honour the motives that drew him towards this piece-work rather than to regular employment in any one farm, or even parish. He was a handy man, who could turn his attention with profit to almost any out-of-door trade, such as fencing, hedging, and ditching, and with no false pride about taking up even such a humble rôle as that of the mere spade labourer. The advantage, as he often explained to me, of his system of doing piece-work all round the country-side was that it gave him the opportunity of forming an

acquaintance not only with the comings and goings of all the hares, rabbits, pheasants, partridges, and wildfowl on the various scenes of his labour, but also of such interfering persons as constables, keepers, and, worst of all, tenant farmers who did their own shooting and their own keeping, and were therefore the most alertly on the look-out for any who made it their business to abstract for their own profit any of these creatures of venery.

To put the matter briefly, my most respectable friend, Michael Andrews of the Scriptural names, was a professional poacher to his trade, from which you are by no means to understand that he was a member of any of those organised bands of ruffians that attack preserves in the neighbourhood of our big towns, and overawe all opposition on the part of keepers and watchers by their sheer numbers and brutality. Neither was he a member of any of those less brutal but equally organised poachers' clubs, that are a kind of insurance society to pay the fines of any of their members that may have the ill-luck to be caught red-handed. He was simply a poacher to his own hand, with no coadjutors except the carrier by whom he conveyed the game to the dealers—a quiet, sober, uncommunicative man, who made few friends in his own class, and shared his secrets

with none of them. That I should have been chosen as his confidant may therefore appear curious, and sometimes I have been puzzled to account for the favour he showed me; but I am inclined to think that it arose out of the need, that even the most solitary man feels at times, for sympathy, and that he well judged a boy, as the most secretive animal on earth, to be the safest recipient of his confidence. It may be that, in saying this, I am robbing girls of their great prerogative as lovers of small mysteries; but girls were an unknown and uninteresting class of creatures to Michael and myself—something, between game and vermin, that seemed to have no recognised place or importance in creation's scheme.

So to Michael, whenever the course of his vagrant work took him at all in our direction, I used to go, certain that from him I should learn the exact position of every small bird's nest in the vicinity—a line of study that was not beneath his notice, though he never incurred the unnecessary risk, in these days of Small Birds' Preservation Acts, of taking their eggs. But he would describe to me, with detailed minuteness, the exact locality of the nests, so that, by a faithful following of his directions, I could not fail to find them; and besides, he would instruct me in the mysteries of his own more noble arts, until I grew fired with a zeal of emulation which often led me perilously near the grasp of the law.

Michael had a gun. I knew this because I had seen it, and seen him use it, many a time, but he did not care about using it at all. He would never use it if he could get hold of game in any other way.

"Nasty, noisy, smelly things," he would say, referring to the firearm in general. "Not much use to a man when he's got a quiet bit of work to do. I tell you how it is, Master Rupert, I never cares very much for a gun at all, except it is away up on the downs of a misty morning. That's the time for a gun, the only time as he's any use. Then the noise don't travel very far, in the misty weather, and you don't see a great deal of the smoke either."

"Put in light charges, I suppose, too, Mike?" I said.

"Pretty well; pretty well," he answered doubtfully, as if he had no great belief in denying to his servant a good load of ammunition; "small, for the powder, may be; but I'll tell you one thing, Master Rupert," he said, with that air of mystery which always accompanied the disclosure of his more important secrets. "I'll tell you one thing; if you're wishing to make your charges carry far, you'll always please to put it—the shot charge—up into your mouth and bite on it, bite on it close, till it clings together. That makes it carry, Master Rupert, makes it carry close and carry far."

"Really," I said in open-mouthed astonishment.

"I'll show you," said he.

From the capacious pocket of his waistcoat he brought a fingerful of No. 5, which he transferred to his mouth, and while he was in process of champing upon this, I took up and examined a rabbit which I had found lying beside him in the hedge, as he sat and ate his midday meal.

"Why, he's been dead hours," I said, surprised, as I felt the stark stiff limbs of the rabbit. "When did you catch him?"

"There!" Michael said, proudly, disregarding my enquiry about the rabbit, and extracting from his mouth a severely chewed mass of pellets. "Now they fly like—like anything."

"Like a wire cartridge, I suppose. But tell me, Mike, how about this rabbit? He's been dead ever so long. Why have you got him with you now?"

"I've been mending him, Master Rupert, that's all. I thought I'd just mend him in my dinner time."

"Mend him!"

"That's what I call it," he said with a grin. "You see it's this way. The dealers they don't care about rabbits that's been shot, they like rabbits that's been snared—gets more money for them—no shot holes and that like to spoil 'em. So when I shoots a rabbit and he's not shot so bad but what the holes can be mended, why then I sets to work and mends them—stuffs up the shot holes, you see, and makes them so as no blood shows and no one 'ld know that the rabbits had not been snared—see? Ah! it's a hard life mine, Master Rupert—there's no rest in it, no holidays."

"Mike," I said, "have you got to work this afternoon?"

"And that I have. I've got this bit of fencing to finish, right down to the coombe. That'll be my day's work for Farmer Shrubsole, and then I'll look out if there's anything else to be done."

"You might lend me your ferrets," I said, coaxingly, "and a net or two, to go and have a try somewhere, while you're doing the hedging."

"Ferrets!" said he in an injured voice. "Bless the child, what should he think I'd have ferrets for? What use 'ld I have for them here to-day?"

"Oh, well, Mike, you know you always have them with you, handy, in such a place as this, and on a foggy afternoon. You know you do."

"Ferrets! Close down by the sea like this? What are you thinking of, boy?"

"Well, why not, Mike?" I asked, puzzled.

"What, put good ferrets into a cliff like this, with the sea at the bottom! They'd tumble over and get themselves killed to a certainty." Mike spoke in a greatly shocked voice at my suggestion.

"Well," I said, hopelessly, "do you mean to say we're to let all these rabbits go—there's hundreds of buries in the cliff—are we to let them all go and never have a try at all?" The notion seemed to me quite unworthy of my friend's resource.

"Let them go," he said rebukingly. "Who said let them go? Look here, boy." He dived a hand into one of his cavernous pockets and brought up quite a little handful of small candle ends.

"What are those for?" I asked.

Michael grinned. "Can you catch crabs?" he enquired.

"Crabs!" I echoed. "What for? Yes."

"Then get you down, Master Rupert," he said in that whisper of awe with which he revealed great mysteries. "Get you down to the rocks below there and bring me up a dozen, say, if you can get them, of crabs—alive, you know—the larger the better. Then you'll see something that you shall see, Master Rupert—I promise you that."

"Crabs!" I repeated helplessly.

"Yes, crabs," said he doggedly. "Get you down. And now I must be going and seeing about finishing Farmer Shrubsole's fencing away down to the coombe. That'll be my day's work then—down to the coombe."

I knew my old friend Michael too well to think of plying him with more questions as to his mysterious need of crabs. Certainly the best course and most hopeful for unravelling the mystery was to go about the bit of duty he had laid on me—to scramble down the cliffs and get the crabs.

Hunting the crabs was not bad fun, even on its own count, and, with this mysterious purpose associated with it, was full of fascination. The tide was out, and had left little pools among the rocks—beautiful places, where the colours of the mosaic floors and the seaweed hangings were lovely even on this day of grey mist, when the cliff head was barely visible from the shore below. The seaweed and the rocks gave hiding to multitudes of little green crabs and an occasional darker-hued one. Once I came on a spiny-backed fellow, not at all pleasant to the touch. I let him severely alone. Soon I had collected in my handkerchief quite a supply of the largest crabs I could find, ranging from a five-shilling-piece area of shell back to four inches or so across. With these insecurely packed in my handkerchief, I clambered up to the cliff head again.

Michael had nearly done his bit of fencing. He was an excellent worker, a virtue even in itself, and made doubly beautiful in my eyes by the motive that incited him to get his tasks done in less time than other men. Had he taken the day over a day's job, when would he have had the spare hours for the real business of life with gun, net, or ferret? But now, as he had assured me, there were no ferrets; I knew that at this time of afternoon he was not likely to use the gun. He would have nets, but what was the use of them without ferrets to bolt the rabbits? As I pressed him with this question, he disregarded it in that absolute silence that now and then possessed him and tinged my regard for him with the deepest reverence.

"You'll see, Master Rupert," he said once, and then offered no other sop to my impatience till he had made an end of his hedge work.

"Bring 'em along then," he said at length, gathering up his tools, when my endurance was about exhausted; and with that, after a careful look around, he led the way over the fence to the coombe side where the steep cliffs were honeycombed with holes. "Now," he added in a stage whisper, drawing some fine nets from his pocket, "you set they the way I've told you; don't make no noise, and mind as you don't fall down the cliff."

In the meantime, Michael had taken the handkerchief and the crabs, and was engaged in a fascinating business that almost distracted my attention from the stern work of setting the nets. The air was dead still, and under the shelter of the cliff he struck a match and lit one of his candle ends. Next, taking a crab from the handkerchief, he let a little melted grease run on the crab's back; then he fastened the candle end hard down on the shell, using this grease as cement that hardened as it cooled, and there was the crab, like a peripatetic lighthouse.

"Have ye netted all the holes, Master Rupert?" he asked in his hoarse whisper.

"All right," I said, regarding the illuminated crab with blank astonishment.

He set the crab in the mouth of the nearest hole, and to my amazement down it scuttled, as if the bury were its home. At once Michael set to work to light up a second firework. This, set at the mouth of another hole, again scuttled down at a great pace into the darkness.

A third was treated in the same manner; and now there

began in the recesses of the coombe's side that thrilling subterranean rumble that means the rabbits are astir. The next instant one dashed out and was taken at once in the net. I crept forward and seized him, never trusting my hold till I had him firm by the hind legs. Then I disengaged him from the net, straightened him, as Michael had taught me, and bending back his head with my thumb, broke his neck, and he was dead.

Michael grunted approval at my operations. I believe I was an apt pupil, and I now began to understand the function of the crabs and candle ends, and the reason that he preferred them to ferrets on the steep cliff side. As soon as the rabbits were fairly on the move, Michael did not trouble himself to light up any more crabs or candle ends, but let those that were already at work continue to scare the rabbits with their underground torches. Out of these holes we took four rabbits, and then, moving on to another bury, got five more from that by the same plan of operations. A third trial was less successful, only one bolting before our crabs and torches, but on the whole we had done well enough. Even Michael admitted himself satisfied—a state of mind that he

very seldom confessed. Ten rabbits were about as heavy a burden as he, with the aid of all his pockets, could convey to one of those *cachés* well known to himself and to the carrier, but which he was wise enough never to reveal even to me; and then it was high time for me to run off home. I had a deal of new experience to ponder over. The aspect of the crabs stalking the subterranean galleries with those terrific torches on their backs assumed enormous proportions in my imagination, and I suffered severely from nightmare when at length I had tossed myself to sleep. The sufferings of the wretched crabs thus left with the candle ends burning on their backs are appalling to more mature reflection, but at the time, on mention of this point to Michael, he comforted me by saying, "They things, bless you, they don't have no feelings, Master Rupert. Besides, look at the thickness of the shells that's on 'em."

It is sincerely to be hoped, at all events, that their sense of pain is considerably less acute than that of warmer blooded and more highly organised creatures.

(To be continued.)

Sea Fishing in French Shallows.

NOT long since the writer of these lines was condemned, not because he could not pay his racing debts but by desultory business, to spend some little time in the Hotel Christol et Bristol at Boulogne. Now the hotel has no merits beyond the large-minded scale of its charges, the smooth-spoken garrulity of its guide, the excellence of the mussels, and its situation; and of these by far the greatest is the last named. The visitor looks straight down upon the narrow harbour. Under his very eyes the fishing luggers from the Channel are moored in apparent chaos. From them come sounds of many quarrels among the sturdy weather-beaten crews and smells indescribable; but there is more bark than bite about the quarrels, and one comes to regard the smells as part and portion of the atmosphere. Tanned sails flapping in the wind and the sun to dry, festoons of nets hanging to the shrouds, quaint carts drawn by Normandy stallions on the quay above, and pretty fish-girls in their regulation dresses and with long creels slung on their backs, combine to make a pretty picture. Just above is a lock-gate and a bridge, and above that you may see in progress such fishing as these clear pictures show. You may see the same process carried out on the estuary of the Rance, where Dinard, St. Servan, and granite-walled St. Malo, with Chateaubriand's island and tomb



Photo. A. H. Fry

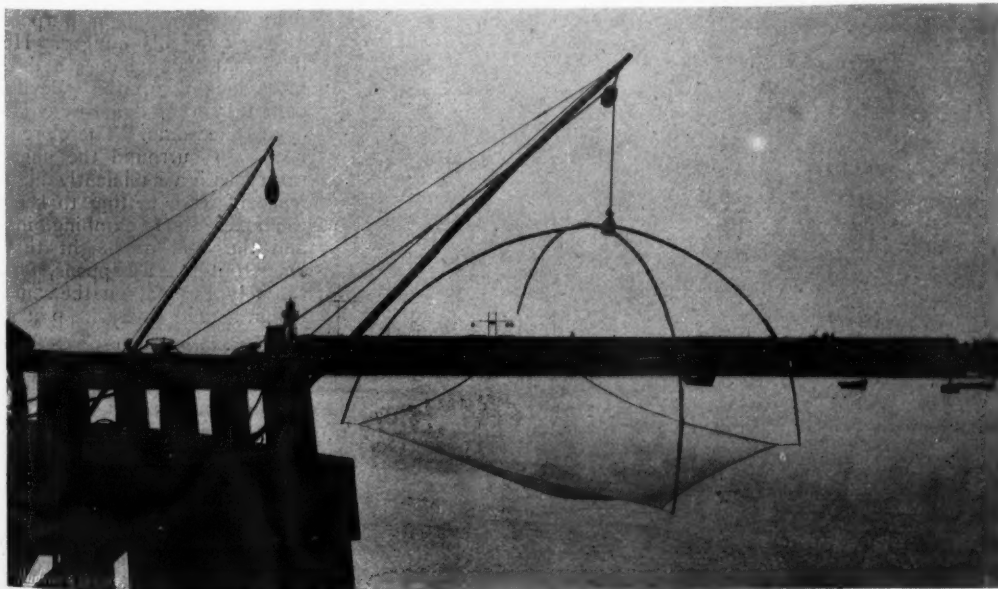
WITH A LEVER FROM THE SHORE.

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to seaward, combine with the rushing and strenuous tide to make one of the most beautiful scenes in France.

There are various methods in this circular net-fishing, of which two are illustrated here, but the principle of them all, and of the English system, used mainly for catching the smelt or sparring, is the same. It is also elementary. A fine fisherman of our own West Coast, melancholy and deeply read in the Scriptures, was heard to say a few months since that our sea-fishing engines were not more advanced than those of the Apostles. He had taken his views doubtless from illustrated

Bibles, with pictures comparatively modern; but he was probably right. Drift nets and seines, if not trammels and the all-devouring trawl, were certainly used by the sons of Zebedee; drift-nets and seines do most of the work now. It would not be surprising to find, from some newly-discovered Biblical manuscript, that the Galileans knew the circular net also; for the principle of it is based upon simplicity itself. You lift your fish out of the water straight instead of dragging him to the side of a boat or to the shelving shore first. The proceeding does not look in the least amusing; but it is. The fact is that any kind of catching live creatures, particularly fishes, is distinctly exciting. To hook and play a salmon, to watch a trout suck down the gliding May-fly, to catch him in clear water with a red worm dropped up stream—all these are acknowledged



A. H. Fry.

WITH A DERRICK FROM THE PIER.

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by those who know to be the quintessence of sport. But there is keen pleasure also in dragging at the seine and seeing the silver-sided fish flounder on the moonlit strand, in sitting through the summer night with Cornish conger-fishers until the dawn comes and they haul the long line in with its load of serpentine fishes; yes, and even in tickling of trout, a poaching trick by no means easy to acquire, or in setting a night-line in a dangerous place and escaping with the booty in the morning. Again, to go to the fishing of children, it is pleasant to run along the wave-washed sand dragging a boat-scraper and to dash on the sand-eels as they are exposed like flashes of wriggling light, and there is gentle sport, even for a major-general, as I have chanced to see, in capturing translucent green prawns among the rocks. Was it a prawn or a lobster, by the way, that a famous painter represented as being red in life? So there is pleasure in letting down these circular nets to the bottom of shallow water, with fragments of soft crab or shell-fish for lure placed in the bellying centre, and then waiting a while before with a few turns of the windlass, or a touch upon the lever, the net is lifted and the small fry are transferred to the basket. The writer did not believe it at first; but as he watched a couple of French urchins at Boulogne he grew fascinated. The constant recurrence of the charm of uncertainty interested him, and after a while a franc made him a participant in the sport. He became a boy again in spite of his forty summers as he watched to see whether the haul of smelts, or whitebait, or miscellaneous fry, or little eels, or the medley of all, was great or small. He is, he rejoices to say, a good deal of a boy; and he holds that there is an endless amount of healthy enjoyment to be obtained from little things by him who has a mind to it. Let him who has no mind for enjoyment go hang himself or turn philosopher.

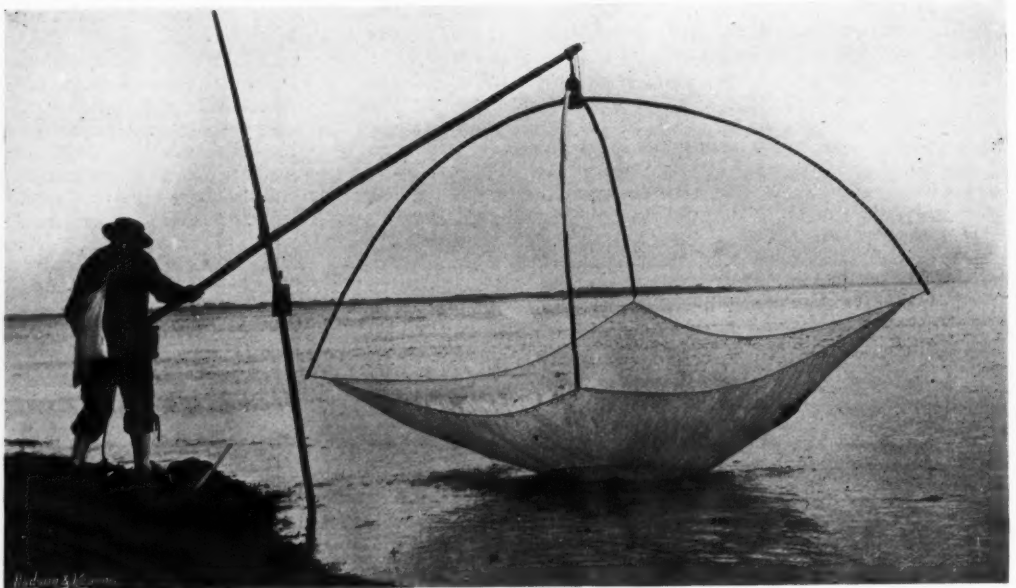


Photo. Fry,

WHAT HAVE I GOT?

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The French apparatus, or the essential part of it, is simplicity itself. Two pliant, well-seasoned rods of hazel commonly cross one another at right angles; to each of the four ends is attached a corner of the square net, for though the machine works in a rough circle, the net is square. At the point where the rods cross one another the device for lowering and raising the net is attached. This may be a rope passed through a pulley attached to a derrick, as we see in the illustration of fishing from the pier, and the rope may be worked by a windlass or by hand power. Similarly the derrick may rest on any other projection, or may be rigged up in a boat, which is the better plan. Or, as other illustrations show, a stout pole may be driven into the sand or mud to form the fulcrum of a lever, net at one end and fisher at the other, with which the net may be moved up and down. Does any man scoff at this simple and boyish pastime? Let him sit in the seat of the scornful till he is sore. He whom he scoffs at has the advantage of him by a whole pleasure.

LONGSHORE.

PHEASANT NURSERY.

THERE once was a man named Aristotle, of some intelligence considering the age in which he lived, whose unfailing manner of conducting any enquiry was to go back, to start with, to what he called by a Greek name that has been translated "first principles." And that method of his has not been seriously traversed in the years that have passed since his death. Conducting an enquiry into the best way of constructing pheasantries, on a like method, we find that the

first principle of the pheasantry's construction is that it should keep in pheasants and that it should keep out vermin. Vermin, that is to say such kinds of vermin as it is reasonably possible to exclude, means first and chiefly foxes, secondly stoats and weasels and cats, and finally rats. There are those who say that by keeping guinea-pigs you can exclude rats, but, *experto crede*, put no trust in guinea-pigs. A ferret, or even a trap, is better. Foxes are the greatest of all dangers. When a fox gets

into a pheasantry it is not merely for the vulgar purpose of satisfying his hunger. He does that, but he does a deal more, kicking up the "devil's delight" in the domestic circle of the pheasants. Therefore it needs to surround the pheasantry with a sufficiently high fence of wire netting to keep the foxes from climbing in; and the kind of height that keeps out foxes happens, fortunately, to be about the same height as will safely keep in a pheasant—that is, always providing its wing has been clipped. Let us put this height roughly at 7ft. from the ground. This will suffice perfectly, and it is at once seen that this height is necessary only on the assumption that the top is not to be covered in. If the netting be carried over the top also, a much lower height will do; such height, indeed, as will suffice for the pheasants and any other thing—such as



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

PHEASANTS IN CAPTIVITY.

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bushes you may plant within the area—to thrive under.

And this raises a point as to pheasantries which is a subject of grave and even acrimonious discussion with the faculty:—Ought the top to be roofed in with netting or not? The arguments in favour of roofing-in are fairly obvious. Nothing—unless small enough to pass through the mesh of the netting—can get in, and nothing get out, if all be completely caged. On the other side, those who favour the open roof method urge that it gives the wild cock pheasant from the woods a chance of coming in and making one of the family circle, and so producing a more vigorous fertilisation of the eggs than results from the imprisoned male. It may be so, and however the argument is stated, each side will remain of its own opinion still; but the consensus of the best opinion seems to be that sufficient fertile eggs are laid if one cock and five hens, all with clipped wings, are put in together, and if that is admitted, you have all the arguments in favour of the netted-in top of the pheantry to the good.

But having made the pheantry safe against the inroads of foxes—one fox has been known to chop off, for sheer fun, the heads of a hundred pheasants in a single night—and cats, and against the evasion of any of the birds, it remains to make it safe against the other and the lesser vermin—the stoats, weasels, and rats. In point of fact, if the keeper does his work, there



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MIXING FOOD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

ought not to be much trouble with the two first; but the rat is not to be exterminated. He has a nasty way of digging, and the most effectual means of defeating his mining attempts on your pheasants' fortress is to let down the foundation wall a foot or two below ground. This will defeat him, and even if you carry down only the wire netting, which should be of small mesh near the ground, a foot or so below the surface, this in itself will bother him badly; but it is not as efficient as a good

brick wall. And if this be the manner of your pheantry's construction, and if it be a good enough manner, you may be very sure that the worst constructed pheasant run, well situated, is better than the best in a bad situation. Situation is well-nigh everything; and situation means warmth, shelter, air, and especially a good dry soil and an incline that the water will run off quickly. We all know how hard it is to get game birds to do well on a cold clay soil when they are wild; and the same principle holds good when they are in captivity. The best exposure for them is south or south-west, and they should not be so overhung by trees that the light does not get freely to them.

Of course there is this disadvantage about building a brick foundation to your pheasant runs, that you cannot shift them from year to year. Ground used over and over by pheasants has a tendency to grow "stale." But the answer to the question thus raised depends in a great measure on the scale on which you are doing things. In a great pheantry, occupying an area of an acre or more, with a good shelter of bushes in the centre and a vermin-proof fence all round, the birds are virtually in a wild state. The condition of life in the coverts is reproduced in miniature, but all cannot work up to this scale. On the other hand, the larger the scale on which you work the larger is the margin of financial profit, or the less the loss, in pheasant rearing. Pheasants



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DIVERS WATCHDOGS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE PENS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

may be increased in geometrical ratio, while the rate of increase in the staff needed to tend them is only arithmetical. But of course there is a limit. In a big, open pheasantry such as described, the hens would be kept together until February, and then mated off in the recognised proportion of five hens to a cock. You will give them a nice bush to nest under in each pen, and use your discretion if you like about taking the eggs from them, or letting them do their own hatching. A barn-door hen, however, is certainly a better mother, and the hen pheasant will go on laying eggs, as you take them from her, almost like a domestic fowl. In any case, when you have done with your pheasantry you should dig up the soil, give it plenty of lime and gravel, and sow it with grass seed to cleanse it out.

The situation of a less permanent pheasant run may be shifted every year, and certainly it is better to use new ground each year for setting out the coops, under which your domestic hens may bring up the young pheasant chicks. Here, too, you should have shelter of cut bushes, for the chicks to run under. Mr. Tegetmeier's book is the most thorough-going in its detailed account of all that relates to pheasant breeding. Its title in full is "Pheasants: Their Natural History and Practical Management," and it is as interesting as it is instructive. Carnegie's "Practical Game-Preserving" is also useful, and there are always the "shooting" volumes of the Badminton Library. A



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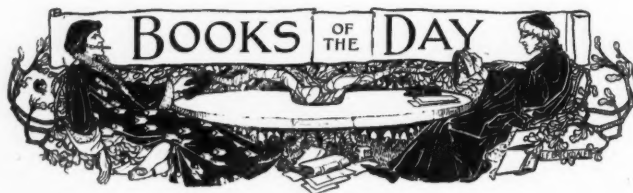
QUILLING A COCK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

good deal of the business is matter of common-sense. The conditions must be assimilated to those which the creatures would seek in a wild state. The spot chosen for putting out the coops will be warm, dry, sheltered from spring winds, and yet fairly airy; in fact, the spot that would be a healthy situation for a human being. The infantile diseases that menace the pheasant chicks are too various even to chronicle in detail, but the books will tell all about them and their remedies. Maize, the patent pheasant foods, custards, and so on, with so-called "ants' eggs," will form the staple of their diet, and even after you have reared them to weeks of such mature discretion that you think them fit for putting out into your coverts, there is still room for some intelligence in the choice of the situation in which you will now place them. Again, it should be a nice warm covert, with good undergrowth, warm dry soil, draining quickly, and lying well towards the sun; but, in fact, you need not put your intelligence to any too severe a test in the matter. The pheasants themselves, the wild pheasants, will supply the intelligence for you. For you it only needs to supply the observation. That covert that you find loved by the wild pheasants—a covert that they are pleased to stay in, and to which foreign birds, turned out or reared in other coverts, will resort—here

you may turn your young birds out with confidence. Here they will do well, and will not wander unreasonably far.

The whole thing, until one comes to the pathology of the young pheasant, is so much, as we have said, matter of common-sense. Also it is in a measure a matter of sentiment, of instinct. A man—better still a woman—must have the love of the pheasants, and a sympathy with them. A woman's hand is gentler, her sympathy is perhaps readier, sick things and things young and delicate generally seem to be her special province. Therefore many rearers of pheasants prefer to see them under female care—wisely may be; at least the woman's heart must be brought to the work, which must be a labour of love to be successful. Nevertheless, as Aristotle would have it, there are certain first principles in this as in other matters which should not be neglected. The heart is a great affair, but there is such an organ as the head as well.



A NEW NOVELIST.

FOR many years it has not been my good fortune to light upon such a true and entrancing book as "Bijli, the Dancer," by J. B. Patton (Methuen).

Who Mr. Patton may be, how he gained his intimate knowledge of the human but peculiar nature of the native Indian, whether he has ever written any books before, are things unknown to me, and quite immaterial. The priceless point is that, out on the stream of books flowing in great burst from the booths of the Sosti, this is one possessing the invaluable merits of originality without eccentricity, of spontaneous freshness, of freedom from conventionality without looseness, of manly strength. Mr. Patton may perhaps go hence and be no more seen. Even this powerful work of his may escape the notice of the populace, and may fail to win for him either fame or fortune. But none the less he will have deserved well of his generation, and every man or woman who reads through his bright and carefully-written pages will feel a debt of gratitude to be due to him. For this is no potboiler, no casual outburst of fancy dictated to a clicking, rattling typewriter, but a work on which loving care and thought have been expended, a book in which every sentence of soliloquy or dialogue proves that the writer has thought often, and has thought deeply, before he committed his thoughts to paper.

"Bijli, the Dancer," is a tale of which the scene is laid in India; but the reader needs not, therefore, to shrink back in alarm. It contains none of the stale stuff with which we are sated even unto weariness. There are no sycos or bheesties; no tiffins or brandy pawnee or pegs; the bazaar is not so much as mentioned; no golden-haired military ladies carry on vulgar flirtations at Simla or anywhere else; no dashing or silly subalterns perform heroic achievements, or ruin themselves in the conventional fashion. In fact there is not a single English man or woman who is a character in the book. The British power looms in the background, that is all. Upon the native Mr. Patton lavishes all his sympathetic powers of description and characterisation, and the result is a picture of Indian life, and of a few striking Indian personalities, which for truthfulness, delicacy, and penetrating intensity has not been touched by any writer on like subjects. Indeed, one of the chief charms of this book is, it seems to the present writer, that no man or woman has ever written on the subject before. Bijli is a professional dancer, and we meet her first in the courtyard of the Nawab Bahadur Khan of Ronahi, a stern strong ruler desirous of preserving his pomp and authority in spite of the Farangi power. He is no emotional man, but Bijli moves him to tears; and well she may. "To the spectators it was a scene full of light and sound and movement; of brilliant dresses, glancing gold and silver, flashing eyes, wild music and grace, and beneath all the suggestion of passion suppressed. The torches, which had been raised and lowered in the cadence of the music, were now held on high, and for a moment the instruments were silent. The tall dancer stood forward alone, and a love song of Hafiz burst from her lips in passionate tones, the liquid of the Persian verse pouring in long interlacing harmonies through a melody suggestive of despairing love. Her throat seemed to throb like that of the nightingale when he sings his fullest notes, her bosom to heave, and her voice to tremble with emotion, and when she concluded with the fifth verse, tears were rolling down her cheeks." An exquisite picture this of an artist carried away by feeling; and surely that fifth verse might well move her to tears:—

"For, remorseless, he careth no more,
If I stay, or depart;
And he slumbers unmoved as I pour
Forth the song from my heart."

"The drums rumbled on a more, and the guitar took up the strain." Bijli danced as no woman had danced before since the famous Nikki; and the moving picture of the dance is so vivid and so melodious in tone that one begins to understand the triumph of Herodias, to see that there were excuses even for Herod. Stern Bahadur himself is moved to tears, and would fain call her back, but a sudden jealousy overcomes him, a feeling that he could not endure that she should display herself before his guests seizes him, so that he sends a secret message to her, bidding her not to reappear, but to await his coming. Offended, convinced for the moment of that *spreta injuria forma* which a beautiful woman feels more than anything else, Bijli is gone with her train when Bahadur's guests have departed. At once the Nawab is immersed in a ruler's cares, for Nur Hasan, the crafty village headman, comes to complain of the disappearance of his daughter-in-law, and to lay the charge of seducing her against young Kasim, the son of his neighbour Inayat, with whom he has a blood feud. And Bahadur, having sent out searchers for Bijli and her train, arranges a hunting expedition for the following morning by way of preliminary to his enquiries in the village.

That hunt in the early dawn, and the drive to the trysting place through

the darkness of the Eastern night, are a delightful episode. One seems to hear and to see, in reading such a passage as this, "A chilly breeze swept over the treeless plain, sighing through the tufts of dry grass, while low overhead were heard the plaintive cries and the slow, solemn wing-flap of two great *saras* cranes. No other sounds broke the silence of the plain. Erect, face westward, but eyes fixed on the ground at his feet, stood Bahadur Khan, his tall form clad in white garments, clearly visible in the darkness, and behind him the three Moslems, repeating his every movement and following his words. He recited the petition for forgiveness, the morning prayer, and the first chapter of the Kuran, murmuring in scarcely audible terms the sonorous Arabic. He bowed and knelt and touched the ground with his forehead; then, in a distinct voice, he repeated five times, 'O thou holy and blessed preserver!' and remained silent and motionless." Here we have the very spirit and realisation of the sincere religion of the East. A page or two more and our blood moves quicker, as in terse nervous words the hunt is made to take place before our eyes. Then we are on the village, where the falsehoods and the diplomacy of Nur Hasan and Inayat are displayed with wonderful fidelity. A marvellous scene follows. The dancers are found, have indeed made their way to the village, and all is ready for the meeting of Bijli and Bahadur. An old crone, go-between to Kasim and the lost woman, encouraged by Bijli, reveals a story of crime. She tells how Kasim, her darling foster-child, grew pale and weal for the love of the woman Mumtazan. She tells how Mumtazan, whose husband was in a Farangi prison for cattle-lifting—once, by the way, a reputable occupation on the Scottish border—returned his love; how meetings were contrived; how they desired to flee when Mumtazan's fall could not longer be concealed. She recounts how Nur Hasan murdered the guilty pair before her eyes, as she lay hidden. For the moment Bahadur is all for vengeance at first, but the dancer dissuades him: "What of the dishonour of Nur Hasan's house? What of the injury to his unlucky son? Could he, a Kuraishi Shekh, stand coldly by and witness the dishonour of his son's wife, and that, too, by the son of a foe? Nay, my lord, the sense of honour must be dull in one who does not feel that he dealt with him as be seemed him!" Here, again, is vivid realisation of the feelings of the East, and Bahadur is moved to let matters drift, and to run the risk, a serious one, of keeping the matter concealed from the English. Love, the love of a proud, strong man for a beautiful and proud woman, follows. The long-drawn love scene, before Bijli is prevailed upon to relinquish her art and the admiration which she loves, and to take up her abode in the palace, leaves nothing to be desired in intensity of passion.

"Free," cried Bahadur, "when every moment that I have passed in your presence has tightened the toils! Never again, dear lady, never again, can I rest in absence from you. It is too late." A sob arose in the dancer's throat, and tears dropped from her cheeks, staining the yellow silk of her dress, as she murmured, "And too late for me; alas! it is fate." She stretched out her hand and caressed his cheek. He shivered at the touch, and then threw his arm around her waist, and she clasped his head to her bosom."

It is the passion of the East, not that of the West, of course; but the whole story is told with such reserve and modesty as many a modern writer may envy. The scenes which follow are of unspeakable charm. I would fain linger by the reader's side as he meets Bijli lounging away the long days with her little companion Husaini, waiting for the return of her lord from one or other of his many absences, pining often after the life of art and admiration out of which she has passed, but growing ever in love and affection for her master. The tender longing with which she regards his son and heir by his true wife, the subterfuges with which she seeks the company of the boy, her despair when she finds that she can neither sing nor dance before Bahadur alone, and that the popular applause is as the breath of her nostrils, her great beauty, her conversations with Bahadur—all these are things to treasure in memory, to return to again and again. Then suddenly Bijli comes out in a new light. Information of the murder of Kasim and Mumtazan has been given to the English police by Inayat in the absence of Bahadur. Then Bijli, with all the promptness of a masterly man, with all the ingenious craft of her race, prepares both

story and witnesses in such manner as to save her lordly lover from all risk. But luxurious captivity wearies her. Her lord is away, and she hears her old Kanchanan lover Mubarik singing one of the old Kanchanan songs in an adjoining house. She answers, singing with all her old abandon. Verse answering to verse, the sweet Persian love song is sung between them. That night Bijli escapes with Husaini and makes for the Bridge of Boats in the stormy darkness with the old and familiar troupe. But the bridge has been swept away by the storm; they crouch in huts beside the rushing flood of Ganges; and Bahadur overtakes them. The scene between him and her is superb. He had come back to make her his wife. "I came with words on my lips to banish the phantoms I had raised to haunt you, I came, I came, and you had fled." His was the "passion of a proud Pathan Lord on whose love no man shall look." Her entreaties are heart-breaking, but in the last picture of the book she clings to his feet in vain, and in the last passage of the book he strides away for ever, in a tumult of love and pride; but pride carries the day, and the romance of Bijli, the dancer, ends.

THE OAKLEY FOXHOUNDS.



W. J. Sanders, *WORRY! WORRY! WORRY!*

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THE publication of this striking little picture marks a broken resolution on our part, and is a willing concession to the skill of the artist. Woods are growing green again, the meadows are verdant, primroses are abundant on every bank. We thought that we should accept no new pictures of Reynard the fox and his followers for the season. But the perfection in detail shown in this picture forces us into a not unwilling change of mind. The run, a short and sharp one by the look of men and horses, is over. The huntsman has performed the solemn obsequies; he has the white-tagged brush in his left hand. And now the staunch hounds are tearing up the carcass. It is a thoroughly characteristic scene; and particularly noteworthy are those two cunning old hounds who have stolen off quietly with manageable morsels for themselves, leaving the more impetuous to tear furiously at the main body of the fox, which has now been divided into two principal parts. A pretty scene this with which to bid farewell to the hunting season.

WHITE WINGS ON THE THAMES.



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QUITE AS MUCH AS SHE CAN CARRY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

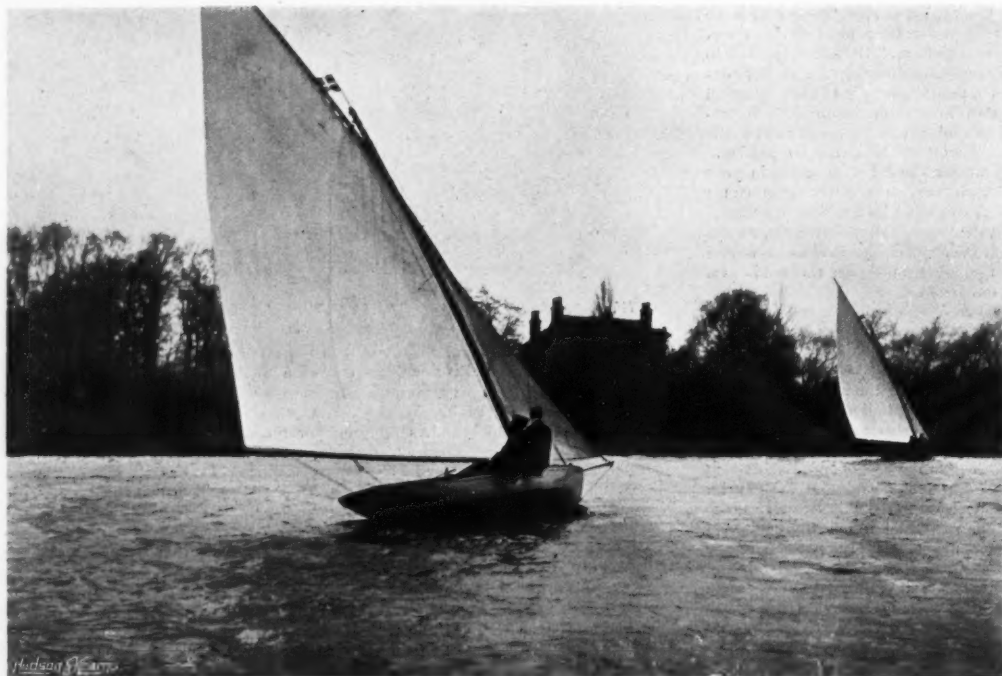
THE very beautiful pictures which serve as the illuminated text of these observations were, for the most part, taken on the occasion of the meeting of the Royal Canoe Club on the 2nd of April, which, if memory serves correctly, was a day of warm sunshine and brisk airs borrowed by spring from summer. But they are a text only. It is too late to produce a record of the triumphs of this frail vessel or of that, nor perhaps, save to the skippers and owners immediately concerned, would such a record be of bewitching interest. But, now that the sailing season is just beginning, a few desultory remarks upon the varied pleasures and excitements to be enjoyed by him who navigates centre-board or sailing canoe on the bosom of Father Thames may not be "out of place." It may be, indeed it is, the fact that I love sailing for its own sake rather than racing in sailing boats; but at any rate my love for it dates to the



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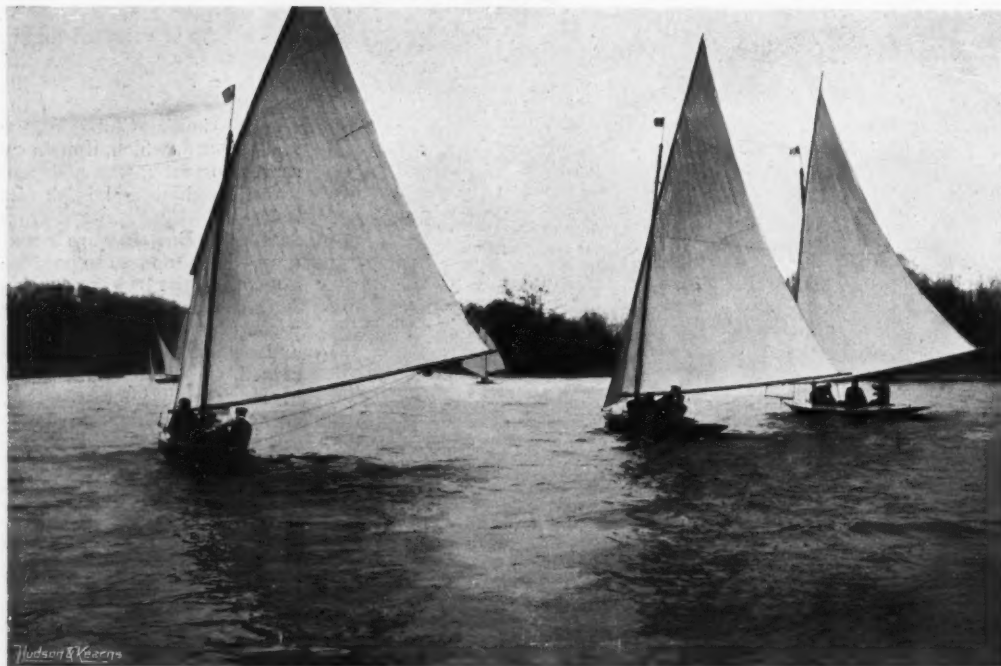
"COUNTRY LIFE."



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BEATING TO WINDWARD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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BEFORE THE WIND.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

first day when my hand was strong enough to hold the tiller—some anxious relatives used to say that the passion for sailing began before the hand was strong enough—and my memories of it are all unspeakably pleasant.

Salt water sailing, in a 14-ft. sprit-sail boat, came first, and, but for undeserved good fortune, would have come last also. For the clinker-built fourteen-footer braved the elements in a very foolhardy fashion, and the boyish escapes were many. Fresh water sailing came later, when the fortune of war denied to me the pleasures of football for a month or two, and when "the primitive abodes of the Bosoms and the Beesley's"—so the sporting journalists used to describe the boat-houses on the Upper River at Oxford—stood as black spots in the wilderness of water. Men called those reaches of the Isis the "smug's river," but there was great fun to be enjoyed there, and Port Meadow in flood is a fine inland lake, with Godstowe and romantic legends and skittles and spiced ale at the extreme end thereof, whereon the undergraduate may disport himself. Moreover, the undergraduate is often a reckless mariner, and the flood water is shallow—a happy combination of circumstances and tending to the preservation of life. There one might learn the humours and the caprices of the hired centre-board, sometimes by bitter experience. For example, the first piece of advice given to me by Jupiter, a boatman of those days, when my boat drifted disconsolately to the moorings, was this: "When you goes to yer dinner, sir, you take a good lump of butter and melt it in a spoon, and put it on yer 'ead." The cause of the observation was a broken head, the cause of the broken head was a gibling boom, the cause of that was carelessness, and the result of it all is a dent in the said head. That, no doubt, is due to neglect to obey the orders of Jupiter in their entirety; indeed, to have followed them would have attracted an undesirable amount of attention in Hall. Still, hints having been promised, be it stated on the authority of Jupiter that melted butter is a sovereign remedy.

One grew out of faults of this kind. Centre-boards, it was found, were like sailing boats on the sea in essential character, but more feminine in disposition, more headstrong, more given to gripe unreasonably, more unmanageable before the wind, wonderfully easy to capsize. One learned to humour their caprices, to be prepared for their trick of griping to windward with such persistent waywardness that many times one might be driven ashore. One learned

even how, when an upset became entirely inevitable, it was possible for the navigator to scramble from gunwale to side, and from side to keel, as the ship turned turtle. Pride of place may be said to have been won locally when on a tempestuous afternoon Romeo and Juliet and Swallow and Swan—many will remember the cranky craft—and a score besides started out and up river before the gale and Romeo returned alone. For the others, the towing path loafers towed them back dishevelled later. Then one began to learn little niceties, how, for example, to weather a point which one could not fairly make up stream by letting the boat run a



Newton and Co.

LEAH.

Copyright.

few yards in the eye of the wind by her own sheer weight and the momentum that was on her before staying. But most important of all things was it to have in one's mind a chart, or charts, of the winds as they would catch the water according to the quarter from which they blew. For of the wind on the Thames it is not true to say that it bloweth where it listeth. A bordering hedge will often keep half the river smooth while the far side is rippling merrily; an innocent hayrick will sometimes cause a patch of flat calm which the boat going up stream will be slow to pass. One sees these things too late at the outset. Skill, which comes of experience, is shown in seeing them soon enough for avoidance to be possible.

Then comes the time for long summer voyages, from Oxford to Teddington perhaps, or it may be as far down as Wandsworth; but there is not much ease in the business when the busy part of the tidal river is reached. Between Oxford and Teddington, however, there is time for excellent amusements. Capital inns entertain the voyager by night; bridges give excitement, especially when there is miscalculation and the mast is not lowered in time or sufficiently. One is at the mercy of the wind in a measure; but time passes easily in the summer days, and the stream will bring the voyager down in time. Back to me, too, come memories of running before a thunderstorm and Euroclydon down Pangbourne reach; of tearing before a gale past Medmenham and Temple Hall with a jib spread and nothing beside. How the rain lashed our cheeks, and the wind whistled, and the water foamed and hissed in those reckless days.

Since those days, however, there have been refinements and improvements, admirably illustrated in the pretty racing pictures which are presented in these pages. Take for example that which is entitled *QUITE AS MUCH AS SHE CAN CARRY*, wherein the navigator sits upon a species of outrigger seat so as to exercise the greatest possible amount of leverage against the tendency of the wind to capsize the frail craft. In the days of the Romeo and the Juliet we were content to sit on the gunwale when the breezes blew, and even to climb round on to the bottom when they became unmanageable and the craft turned turtle. One can't help wondering whether the mariner would not enjoy a sudden hip bath if the vessel entered suddenly one of those strips of flat calm which are to be found on landlocked waters. But I have that confidence in the boat-builder's science which

assures me that, somehow, he would slide into his right place first. Again, we see craft going up to windward, and wonderfully close they can go without making that hideous amount of leeway which, in old times, rendered it next door to impossible to go directly up river. After all, however, there is nothing more enjoyable in a river sailing craft than going down before the wind. Then it is a case of up centre-board, and the boat, borne on by snowy sails cut with all the care and skill bestowed on those of a Valkyrie or a Defender, seems to tear over as well as through the water, and the sensation of those who are in her is as near akin to the poetry of motion as may be. Lastly comes a picture of the sailing punt LEAH, champion for the years 1896 and 1897. The illustration of her (I suppose a punt is a boat, and therefore feminine) is from a clever snapshot by Messrs. Newton, of Kingston, and shows her rounding a buoy in Kingston reach. Twenty-four times has she raced, and twice only has her owner, Mr. W. E. Carmont, seen her beaten. The popularity of punts and punt-sailing has increased greatly of recent years, and the improvements in connection with them have grown proportionately. Some, indeed, that were exhibited lately at the Yachting Exhibition at the Royal Aquarium were models of perfection.

One word of warning only of river sailing. Carefully conducted it is quite safe; but the care used must be constant. Whether for racing or cruising, the craft intended for smooth waters are almost always, from a seaman's point of view, overdone with sails. But the wind will blow nearly as hard on a landlocked river as in the open sea, and far more irregularly. To belay the sheet is almost criminal folly, and it may be added that he who cannot swim should by no means permit himself to go a-sailing. The recent sad accident at Medmenham, when two men were drowned close to the bank, gives emphasis to my statement; and I heartily wish that, as at Eton, so everywhere, all men, women, and children could be compelled to prove themselves swimmers before they became wet-bobs. For the rest, there is no sport of its kind to surpass that of boat-sailing.

PHASELA.

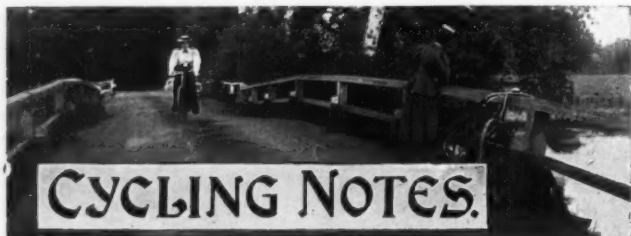
A LATE ARRIVAL AT THE ZOO.



HARD by the Cat House at the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park is the close but interesting residence of the anthropoid apes, which are amongst those specimens of the collection that exercise the greatest attraction upon the minds of the curious. No house in all the gardens gives more trouble to the ever-watchful keeper; and he has to be more than commonly careful with regard to the chimpanzees. For firstly these quaint creatures have great intelligence, and learn many pretty tricks which commend them to the public; secondly, they are painfully liable to pneumonic affections; and thirdly, they have promiscuous appetites but equally particular digestion. They suffer more from kindly-meant offers of unsuitable food than any creatures in the gardens.

Our illustration, from a photograph by Mr. James Olden of Liverpool,

represents the most recent addition to the collection. It is a chimpanzee, aged three years or thereabouts, and was brought from the South-West Coast of Africa by Mr. Lindop. Beauty, of the conventional type, is not the strong point of the chimpanzee. Its eyes, indeed, are liquid; but its ears and lips err on the side of excess, and its profile is not Greek. But it has great intelligence and winning ways, and this particular specimen is remarkably healthy. Some day, perhaps, it may rival the famous Sally in the affections of the public.



BY very slow degrees the world at large is realising the social changes which cycling and the cycle are bringing about. Time after time we are told that the so-called "boom" has had its day, the statements proceeding as a rule from those to whose personal interests the paternity of the thought may be ascribed. But before the story has been given a very long start some actual figures are generally forthcoming, and fallacious surmise is effectually disposed of by cold fact.

The official returns, for instance, as to the Easter traffic on the various railways afford an interesting testimony to the continued spread of cycling. From Waterloo no less than 50,000 machines are stated to have been despatched in one week. From Paddington on the Thursday before Good Friday, 1,110 bicycles were forwarded, and even in the heart of the City, at Cannon Street, over a thousand machines were handled by the railway officials between Good Friday and Easter Monday. Everywhere a large increase upon last year's figures is reported, and for anyone to suggest a "slump" in face of the prevailing condition of things would be in the last degree absurd. Indeed, as showing the railway view of the situation, it may be mentioned that the station-master at Cannon Street has expressed the belief that before many more Bank Holidays have come and gone, the companies might find it necessary to introduce special cyclists' trains.

It stands to reason, of course, that an appalling amount of inconvenience must have been caused at all the termini by the immense array of cycles, and, as the *World* remarks, "railway companies have never had so useful a lesson on the necessity for providing reasonable facilities for travelling cyclists, both for storage and for carriage of machines, than during this Easter. Perhaps those companies who had not previously seriously considered the advisability of encouraging cyclists to travel by rail will now be convinced that cloak-room accommodation and special bicycle vans are necessary; if they are, the damages sustained this Easter will not have been sustained in vain." The one feature for congratulation is the fact that several of the companies are now undoubtedly attempting something practical in the way of the provision of suitable appliances for the safe holding of cycles in guards' vans. The South Eastern, South Western, North Eastern, Great Western, and Furness lines have all something definite in hand, and practical results may reasonably be expected in the near future.

On the South Eastern line five different methods are being tried, including the hooking of the machines to the sides and roof, standing them in grooves, and hanging them in cradles, which are collapsible when not in use. The Furness Company have fitted some vans with grooves, and so have the Great Western, while the Great Northern are experimenting with an appliance consisting of an iron rod secured staple-wise across the end of the van about 3½ ft. from the ground. Attached to and sliding upon this rod are six or eight iron loops or brackets, each of which is made to lie flat against the end of the van when not in use, or to project at right angles when a cycle is in transit. Overhead, but at a distance of about 5 ft. from the end of the van, another iron rod is secured to the ceiling, and from it depend as many double-ended hooks as there are cycles to be accommodated.

So far, however, nothing seems likely to be so practicable and successful as the ingenious device that has been tried upon the North Eastern trains. This consists of an iron bracket, to which are attached a pair of spring jaws which may be collapsed when not in use. The guard, on receiving a machine from a passenger, simply opens the jaws and inserts the front wheel, afterwards tightening a chain which keeps the top jaw pressed upon the tyre. Nothing further is needed, as the tension of the chain is automatically regulated by the coiled spring which it contains. Upon a trial trip, to which a committee of the Cyclists' Touring Club were invited, thirteen machines are stated to have been carried in faultless style, and even sudden stoppages of the train had no effect upon the machines. The same device can also be fixed near the roof of the van, in which case a supplementary chain and hook are required on which to suspend the back wheel. Unless the other companies can go one better, this device seems likely to lead the field for simplicity and effectiveness combined.

Mr. Joseph Pennell has dropped me a line anent my remarks of a fortnight ago, thanking me for my allusions to himself and his indefatigable wife, but just explaining that they did not tackle the Flucla Pass because they did not go near it. It was not for a moment my intention to impute any blame to them for not having climbed that ascent, but only to state, from my personal experience, that it was well worth the trouble of an ascent, particularly to the unwearied couple who can boast of having done nearly all the passes of Switzerland. Mr. Pennell scores off me, however, concerning my reference to the Flucla as the highest of the lot; I find that I was wrong by 51 yds., to be exact. The Furka is higher than the Flucla by the distance named. Which is the more striking or picturesque it is impossible to say, for I have not been over the Furka, nor has Mr. Pennell over the Flucla. But, as Mr. Pennell truly adds in his note, the one you are on at the time generally seems the most wonderful, so that if I were to ascend the Furka to-morrow, and Mr. Pennell the Flucla, he might perchance extol the second, and I the first.

The bicycling policeman does not appear to be half so common in England as in the United States; in New York especially he has proved his value over and over again in the way of chasing and capturing offenders against the law. But

he crops up occasionally in our own country, and one was discovered at Weybridge the other day of whom the scorching fraternity had better beware. It appeared in the course of the hearing of a charge of furious driving against a motor-car man that the policeman in question rode a machine weighing only 25 lb., and highly geared to boot. He could not catch the motor-car, but the inference intended to be conveyed was that it must necessarily have been travelling at a very high rate of speed indeed, or he would have been able to do so.

Another class of public servant who might with advantage be more generally equipped with a serviceable bicycle is the district surveyor. Not a few road surveyors already make their rounds on cycles, but if the number were increased we should soon have better roads. I notice, by the way, that during a discussion at the Horsham Urban Council a cycling member unfavourably contrasted the roads in the vicinity with those in East Sussex. He rightly pointed out that cyclists paid their fair share towards the support of the roads, and improved them by riding instead of wearing them out. Another member endorsed this view, and suggested that the next estimate might include a bicycle for the surveyor, in order that he might test the roads. The surveyor rose to the occasion, and promised that he would learn to ride if the bicycle were provided. *O, si sic omnes!*

£100 in damages is the latest verdict to be obtained by a cyclist against the driver of a horse-drawn vehicle. In this case the accident took place at Dulwich, and the plaintiff was the front man on a tandem. Both the van and the cycle were proceeding in the same direction, the van being in front. The driver turned to one side to pass another vehicle, and the tandem followed suit. It was in turning back again after passing that the van and tandem collided, and the case hinged on the question as to whether or not the tandem turned too soon. The jury held that it did not, and gave a verdict as above named. As the plaintiff had his arm broken, received a kick on the spine from the horse, and had his right foot crushed by the van wheel, the damages could scarcely be accounted as excessive.

THE PILGRIM.

HAMBLEDON POINT-TO-POINT.

THE point-to-point steeplechases in connection with the Hambledon Hunt were revived this year, and judging by the enormous number of spectators, they are as popular as ever, though they have been allowed to lapse the last few years. The first race was for officers of the garrison or Royal Navy who had hunted this season with the Hambledon Hounds. There were four entries: Captain Bayly, R.N., Royal Arthur; Captain Powell, R.A., The Stag; Commander Floyd, R.N., Blackie; Captain Dawkins, R.A.,



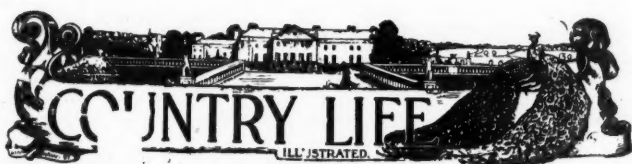
Taylor, CAPTAIN BAYLY, R.N., ON R ARTHUR. Copyright.

Ursula. Distance three miles, fair hunting country. Royal Arthur won easily, though he fell at the last fence, but the rider had time to remount and finish well ahead.

For the second race (light-weights) there were numerous entries, but in consequence of several refusing soon after the start, it resolved itself into a race between Lady Pat and Galloping Lassie. Major Jenkins' beautiful grey jumped in grand fashion, and won by several lengths, Captain Coles' (Hants Regiment) Galloping Lassie 2, and Captain Higginson's (K.S.L.I.) Misfit 3. Third race, farmers hunting with the Hambledon:—Mr. Martin's Mills, Owner, 1; Mr. Pollock's Chiddenholt, Mr. Bowyer, 2; Mr. Westbrook's Corhampton, 3. This was the closest race of the day, as at the last field Chiddenholt and Mills were almost level, but the lightly-weighted Mills came away and won easily.

Our Portrait Illustration.

THE frontispiece of our current number represents Miss Olive Nina Mary Chetwynd. She is the second daughter of Sir George Chetwynd and of his wife the Marchioness of Hastings. Thus she comes on her father's side of the very ancient Shropshire family of Baron Chetwynd. Her mother, before her marriage to the last Marquess of Hastings, was Lady Florence Cecilia Paget, daughter of the second Marquess of Anglesey, whose father was the famous Waterloo Marquess.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration photographs, instantaneous or otherwise, besides literary contributions, in the shape of articles and descriptions, as well as short stories, sporting or otherwise, not exceeding 2,000 words. Contributors are specially requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS. and on the backs of photographs. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in COUNTRY LIFE alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require.

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Hunting: a Retrospect.

THE hunting season of 1897-98 will always be recollected with pleasure by those who took part in it. It has been on the whole a good scenting year, and though some Southern packs have suffered at times from want of rain, and consequent hard ground, there have been periods of good sport almost everywhere. Foxes have been plentiful, there is undoubtedly much less wire than there was a few years ago, and one well-known and choice country in the Midlands, which was described to us as being "like a bird-cage" two or three seasons back, can now be ridden over with safety in any direction. One of the memorable features of the past season has been the great growth of the chase of the wild red deer on Exmoor. There are now two packs of hounds, both having been hard at work keeping down the herds of deer, which increase with a rapidity that is embarrassing even to the sport-loving farmers of the West. Over a hundred hinds have been killed by Mr. Sanders and Mr. Amory, and we are told that even more could have been spared. The open mild weather has been favourable to hind-hunting, and some splendid runs have been enjoyed, of which we may recall to mind the gallop from Rackenford on January 15th. With the carted deer in such a season the sport was bound to be good, and the Queen's, Lord Rothschild's, the Warnham,

and the Mid-Kent have all had some really great runs, though none perhaps quite equalled the extraordinary gallop with Mr. Rawle's hounds, which was recorded at the time in COUNTRY LIFE. If now we turn back again to the chase of the fox, we shall find that the season has been successful from most points of view. In the Midlands every house has been occupied, besides hotels and lodgings. Some of the best London Society takes up its abode in the Melton district for the winter months, and devotes itself seriously to hunting. No one who knows the people who may be met at Gaddesby, Croxton Park, or Cold Overton, with our three great packs, the Quorn, the Cottesmore, and the Belvoir, will accuse them of caring only for short quick darts. A large number know something of hunting as a science, and very few would now be found to echo Lord Alvanley's oft-quoted remark: "What fun we should have if it were not for those d—d hounds." To mention Melton without speaking of the position of women in the hunting-field would be impossible, for they are a most prominent feature. In an amusing passage of M. Zola's "Paris," he attributes the increasing self-reliance of French women to riding bicycles in rational dress. English women have long ago acquired the same quality in the hunting-field. They can take a line of their own, catch or swing a gate, or wait their turn at an awkward place as coolly as any man; while, as was seen the other day, when it comes to racing, their light weights and bold hearts carry them well to the front. There are five or six ladies now riding to hounds in the Shires, whose names will occur to every hunting man or woman, who are as good as any man, and better than most of us. "Ands and 'eels low, Miss, 'ead and 'eart 'igh," as the old Brighton riding-master used to say, and certainly the latter precept is carried out to the full by the ladies who wear the blue collars or the white. Melton is, in fact, one of the most delightful places socially—London Society at its best, made wholesome by living in the open air. Had Lord Chesterfield spent a season there, he would never have asked, "Does anyone ever go fox-hunting twice?"

As is usually the case after a good season, there will be few changes of importance among Masters of Hounds. An M.F.H. is like a golden sovereign, and should be changed as seldom as possible. The two losses of most importance which were threatened—Mr. Brand of the Southdown, and Mr. Wrangham of the Croome—have been averted, while the return of Mr. "Jack" Martin to the office as joint-Master of the Avon Vale is a distinct gain to sport. Then, too, we are able to look back and point to some historic chases added to the story of hunting. Such as the Quorn run from Gartree Hill to Ridlington and back to Owston; the Cottesmore, from Ouston to Rolleston; Mr. Fernie's, from Glen Gorse by way of Norton and down the Ashlands Valley to the Coplow. There are particular instances that have come under our notice everywhere. Men tell the same story from the Badminton, from Yorkshire, from Lincolnshire, from Warwickshire, from the B.V.H. and V.W.H., from Sussex; and last, but not least, from Lord Fitzhardinge's country, as we are now happily again able to call it, comes the same tale of long and fast runs. Yet the recollections of the season are not unclouded, and those who look into the past for signs of the future have serious forebodings. It is not too much to say that we know countries where hunting is certainly doomed, and that before long; not wire, not mange, least of all the hostility of farmers, but the quiet opposition of shooting owners and occupiers will be the cause. No Master will care to spend £1,000 a year to hunt tame foxes in a dense covert where hounds have never been allowed to teach foxes to fly, and where we all know that a miserable cub or two let out of a specially prepared den will probably be our only sport. Then there is the mange, which always threatens our sport, and of which there has been something like a fresh outbreak, but this can be dealt with by necessary if somewhat heroic remedies.

But hunting men are not faultless, and we may suggest to them for meditation during the blank months to come the following questions:—Do we not try to keep too many foxes? Are not Masters and huntsmen too often rather "sketchy" in their methods, changing from one fox to another, without considering the importance in the true interests of sport of hunting one fox as long as it is possible to do so? Would not hounds, especially in close countries, be better for a trifle more music? Like everything else in breeding, "tongue" is a matter of selection.

We have covered much space, and after all said nothing of the harriers. But they are happy in having far fewer difficulties than foxhounds. Most harrier packs have had a capital season. One point, however, we wish to note is the way in which the Stud Book hounds have established their reputation. Harriers of this class undoubtedly show the best sport in the long run; less flashy than foxhounds, and nearly as fast, they drive better than the old harrier, who is given sometimes to pottering and rejoicing over-much.

Now the season is over we feel that we have had a really good time, and that whatever else the future may have in store, Ninety-eight will be a pleasant memory to look back on.



AFTER all there is one thing certain about the body which was found in making excavations at the Great Western Station at Windsor; it is not that of Edward VI. One hardly sees how any such theory could have originated, for now that the body has been exhumed a second time, it has become clear, firstly, that the coffin is of nothing like so ancient a date as that of the young King's death, and secondly, that the corpse is that of a man much older than Edward VI. ever lived to be. On the first point one can imagine the first witnesses to have been incapable of pronouncing an opinion, but, in the name of "Little Arthur," surely they knew that Edward VI. died young. Meanwhile, it is odd to reflect on the formalities which have attended the discovery of a neglected corpse. Nobody cared where it was before; now its third burial, rendered necessary by the order of a high official of State, has been attended by a Mayor and a chairman of a Burial Board.

Few sporting estates near London can compare with that of Sir Henry Meux, known as "Theobald's," which was threatened by the Great Northern Railway Company's proposed line from Enfield to Stevenage. There, within fifteen miles of the Guildhall, in the parishes of Enfield, Cheshunt, and Northaw, are 4,000 acres in a ring fence, traversed by private roads only, and the shooting is superb. It is therefore highly satisfactory to be able to record that the menace of a railway, to be made by navvies (who are always inveterate poachers), through some of the best coverts has disappeared. But more satisfactory is it to find that this result has been gained without a long, costly, and bitter fight in Committee. The Company, in fact, has agreed to adopt a line of deviation outside the coverts, and a noble "shoot" is spared.

Much has been written lately of the Welsh pauper in receipt of outdoor relief who saved up his pennies to buy a gun-licence; and it has been suggested that the Board of Guardians ought to have discontinued the relief. This seems to us both unkind and unreasonable. If the old man had been on poaching intent he would not have been likely to betray his possession of a gun by taking out a licence. Moreover, he might make an honest penny or two by killing ground game for farmers, and so forth. Why he should be starved for being honest to the Revenue passes our comprehension.

Now that the metropolitan magistrates are beginning to make merry over the muzzling order, its days are numbered. Public indignation it might survive, but magisterial laughter never, for the magistrate lives a weary life, and that which moves him to merriment must be absurd indeed. In North London, for example, a culprit whose dog wore its muzzle as a locket was let off without a caution; elsewhere a magistrate was compelled to fine a lady for letting a puppy of ten weeks go unmuzzled. But he did not like the task, and when she asked at what age muzzling became compulsory, he answered bitterly, "At birth, I suppose."

Once more from the Horticultural College at Swanley comes the report that the women students do well there and give the greatest satisfaction to their employers when they leave the college. The news is the reverse of surprising. Ladies may not be particularly well adapted for the rough and heavy work of gardening, for trenching stiff ground, or digging in manure, for which, by the way, management is a pretty euphemism. But we have known them to excel the mere male in a number of important branches of gardening. In the performance of tasks they have infinite patience; in striking cuttings and like operations they have the sympathetic hand, the knack of coaxing things to grow, which few men possess; and we believe that they are generally likely to be able to think out better than a man the grouping of colours in a garden. Moreover, unlike male gardeners, they can bear to see flowers cut for use in the house. For the true manifestation of the woman gardener's spirit, see Mrs. Earle's "Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden."

Not in Scotland and Ireland and in Wales only are efforts being made to cultivate "village industries" of a tasteful nature. The Cambridge County Council have, as a contemporary pointed out last week, done excellent work at such villages as Newton, Fowlmere, and elsewhere. Beautiful repoussé work in brass and copper, basket-making, carpentering, beehive-making, and like tasks are performed after working hours by ploughmen and

others. And there is a double advantage. Not only do the sons of the soil earn a little money—a commodity liable to be scarce in agricultural districts—by the pleasant occupation of an evening, but also they become more useful and capable. Squires and farmers unite to declare that they are worth 2s. a week more by reason of their acquired handiness. Now 2s. forms a large percentage of a labourer's income: in some counties from 20 to 25 per cent. This example is worth thinking about.

Thanks to the care bestowed by the Duchess of Rutland upon the famous Gobelin tapestries, Haddon Hall is now at its best again. We note with some amusement that journalistic critics complain that painters and white-washers have been at work in the Royal bed-chamber; but surely, although Haddon Hall is a show place, even its owners have their rights, and one of them is the right to a clean house. Meanwhile, the work of restoring the tapestries has been performed with taste and thorough care by a London lady, and the "Æsop's Fables" panels in the State bedroom, which were in a sad state, will now last many a year. These panels once belonged to Charles I., and bore his crest, but it has been removed now.

Dry weather is still giving some anxiety to flock-masters, on the ground of a threatened scarcity of both grass and water. The rainfall of the first quarter of the year has been only about one-third of the average, and everywhere wells and streams are very low. In this country there are no such things as means for the storage of water, and we suffer helplessly equally from floods or from drought. The prospects of the coming hay crop are not good, although the price of hay is very low just now.

The price of store cattle, in spite of the drought and bad prospects for keep, remains high. The great spring fairs are now being held, and sheep are fetching prices which are very satisfactory to the breeders. Sheep have wintered well and are coming to hand in very fine condition, many of the tegs being quite ready for the butcher. This seems to be the tendency nowadays. Lambs are forced on with oilcake and purchased foods, and every effort is made to get them ready for the butcher as soon as their first fleece is off. This is very well for the feeders. But what can compensate us for the delights of a four year old saddle of mutton? The price of wool has been low for some time past, and the markets seem to be tending lower still.

The war scare has had its effect on corn prices. Red wheat is now worth £2 a quarter, with markets going higher every day. Sellers would do well to realise, for there is not much likelihood of war between the States and Spain affecting our food supply. The United States has long ceased to be our leading seller of bread-stuffs. The new Argentine crop is coming to hand. Crop reports from Australasia are not so favourable, owing to the prolonged drought and bush fires.

There has been a great increase lately in the acreage of land laid down to fruit, especially strawberries and raspberries. The demand for this class of fruit seems to increase much faster than the supply, indeed it may be almost said to be illimitable. Both fruits require a large amount of capital, but the returns are very satisfactory. The growing of them necessitates the employment of a great deal of labour, and in some districts they have revolutionised the economy of the village. In some places, for instance, it is as difficult to get domestic servants as it is in London, as employment on the fruit farms attracts all the girls.

No one having come forward with an offer to hunt the Eamont Harriers, the late Mr. F. Carleton Cowper's merry little pack, the hounds are to be sold at Leicester next week. This news will be very regretfully received by Cumberland sportsmen, for the Eamont, although latterly a semi-private pack, has been very popular. At one time it was hunted by Lord Lonsdale, the present Master of the Quorn, at a cost of something like £800 a year. This did not, however, last very long, for the owner of Lowther Castle soon tired of his hobby, and an arrangement for sole control was come to with Mr. Carleton Cowper, Lord Lonsdale continuing to subscribe towards the maintenance of the pack. Of late years, however, Mr. Carleton Cowper found the Eamont an expensive luxury, consequently no surprise was expressed when at his death the committee could find no one to undertake the Mastership. Hence the decision to sell. On the same day the Rockwood Harriers, owned by Mr. C. Brook, are to be sold, in consequence of their owner having decided to give up his country. A week later Messrs. Tattersall hold a sale of foxhounds at Rugby, drafts from the Suffolk, Mr. Fernie's, the Meynell, and the Eastbourne being entered.

The first of the spring field trials held under the auspices of the Kennel Club were very successful. Captain Pretymann's fine estate at Orwell, near Ipswich, was again placed at the service of the club, and as game was as plentiful as ever good

progress was made on both days. On the first day the Derby, for pointer and setter puppies born in 1897, was run through, an improvement on previous years, when the last draft of youngsters called up for final selection have generally been left over for work on the second day. This system had its advantages, for it is not every puppy that is able to stand four, and perhaps five, trials in one day. The judges may, however, have purposely kept the young entry out the whole of the first day with an idea of thoroughly testing their stamina.

Tiring as the day assuredly was, only one puppy, the pointer bitch Stylish Nellie, handled by her owner, Mr. Isaac Sharpe, Northumberland, showed signs of leg-weariness towards evening. On her first appearance against Mr. Purcell Llewellyn's setter, Bessie Bach, she showed such cleverness that good judges admitted that she would be hard to beat for first money, which was, by the way, the substantial amount of £75. In the end this handsome prize was taken by Arch Pedro, a Devonian-bred pointer, sold by Mr. Elias Bishop to Major Moreton Thomas prior to the draw. The Shropshire pointer, Fan of Cold Hill, was second, and Stylish Nellie third. On the second day the brace competition was practically a walk over for Mr. W. L. Nicholson's pointers, Woolton Druid and Woolton Belle, two very smart workers, Sir Humphrey de Trafford's representatives, the Irish setters, Punchestown and Barton Punch, making a most disappointing display. Honours in the all-aged stake went to Mr. Ralph Crawford's pointer, Matfen, a previous winner. This week the second trials in the series were held in Shropshire, and the final ones will be brought off over The Hague estate, near Bedford, next Tuesday and Wednesday.

We often hear what capital "general utility" animals some Irish horses are, but surely a record must be given to a plain-looking cobby horse which was the property of a sporting young French viscount who settled for a few years in North Tipperary somewhere in the seventies. D——'s purse was not in keeping with his love of sport, but he certainly made the most of Paddy. He used to hunt him two days a week; plough him three days; and give him a rest on Saturday by driving him six miles to the market town. This was what might be called an "all-round" horse, and to crown all D—— won the Hunt Race at the local meeting at the end of the hunting season.

It now appears certain that Mr. F. B. Jameson's recent purchase, the racing cutter Ailsa, formerly the property of Mr. A. B. Walker, will be converted into a yawl by Messrs. Fay and Co., of Southampton. It is rumoured also that Sir Maurice Fitzgerald's Satanita will sail under the same rig during the coming season, the work in her case being carried out on her return from the Mediterranean. This must be read with regret by all lovers of big cutter racing, for with Ailsa and Satanita gone the class for yachts above seventy-nine linear rating will be reduced materially; in fact, the German Emperor's Meteor and the Duke d'Abruzzi's Bona will probably have the field to themselves, for we hear nothing at present about Mr. C. D. Rose's Aurora being fitted out. Although yawls receive an allowance when racing against cutters, it is scarcely large enough to encourage owners of yachts of the former rig to enter their vessels against the more speedy cutters, so it hardly seems likely that Ailsa and Satanita will be found often competing against Bona and Meteor; the two former, however, should make valuable additions to the handicap cruiser class, which it will be remembered showed much good sport last year, and in a measure helped to redeem the fortunes of a most indifferent season. There seems to be a growing tendency among yachtsmen in general to purchase or build vessels that are not only comfortable cruisers, but are also capable of picking up a few prizes in handicap matches and the like during the season. This is not surprising when it is remembered that the cost of big cutter racing is enormous, while general cruising in craft of this sort is almost out of the question.

Quite 60,000 watched the final match for the Association Cup at the Crystal Palace between the teams called Notts Forest and Derby County; the former won by three goals to one, and Lord Rosebery presented the cup to the captain of the winning team at the end. One or two points in connection with the game seem worthy of notice. This final game used, in days gone by, to be played between such teams as Oxford University and Royal Engineers, or Clapham Rovers, or Wanderers, or Old Carthusians, or Old Etonians; there is, owing to the growth of professionalism, nothing of that kind now. The players—witness the Scotch names of many of them, M'Pherson, McInnes, and the like—represented not native talent in the football field, but the judgment of local connoisseurs in selecting and hiring players. Finally, the "favourites," though they had the best of the game, were beaten. That is the worst of the Association game. Where teams are fairly matched the score cannot be relied upon to represent the respective merits of the teams.

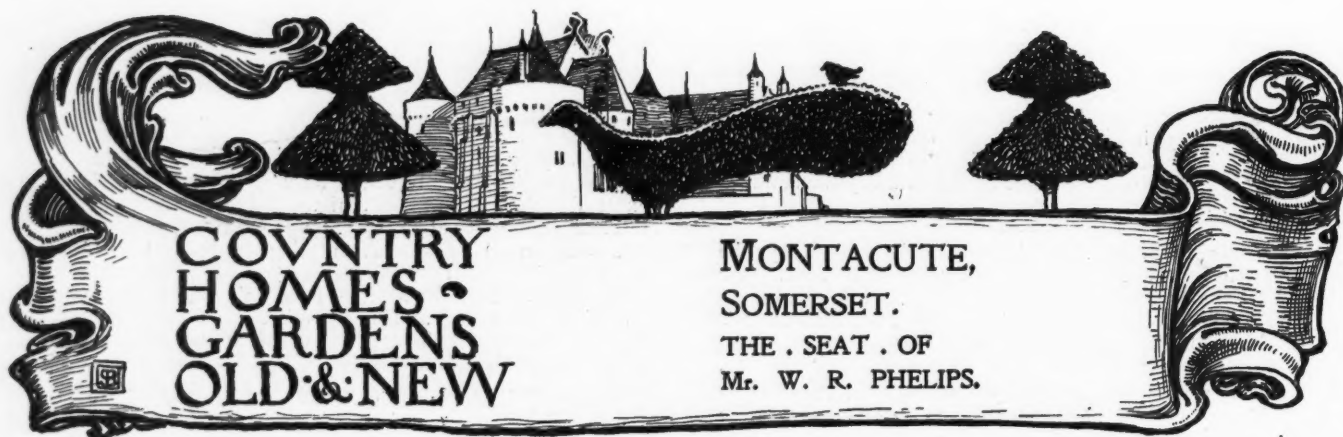
Perhaps we want a little more information still as to the perfect adaptability of "rainbow" trout to our British rivers, but there seems no question about the colonising faculties of our native brown trout. Only a little while ago we heard of one of glb. odd—was it not?—from South Africa. Lately, in the *Field*, appeared a letter signed "H. V. Masefield," recording the capture, by fly, of a brown trout weighing glb. 10oz. in one of the rivers of Ceylon. It would be very interesting to have an exact description, in detail, of these brown trout that have reached such unusual size in foreign waters, and specially interesting to see to what extent they bear out the theory of many good judges that the "Ferox" is only the brown trout grown large. True the habitat of the "Ferox," in the depths of a black mountain loch, differs from that of the colonising brown trout, so that any unlikeness of the latter to the "Ferox" might be worth little in the way of negative evidence. On the other hand, any marked likeness would be of strong value as positive testimony.

The Limerick Fishery Conservators do not appear happy in their minds over the Shannon Electric Power Syndicate Company and its operation on the "lordly Shannon," as the general feeling is that, in spite of the plausible plans mooted by the Company, there will be a large amount of injury done, especially to the spawning beds, by the proposed works. Lord Lurgan, chairman of the Syndicate, and several gentlemen of the Company, waited on the Conservators recently to try and remove any stumbling-blocks which the Conservators see in the way of this scheme being carried out. At the last meeting an amended scheme was put before the Fishery Conservators by the Syndicate, in which it was proposed only to use the overflow of the Shannon during the winter months, and to employ steam power in the summer. The Shannon could give a 40,000 horse-power, but it was proposed only to utilise 5,000 of this for the Electric works at present. In spite of all that could be put forward in advocacy of the scheme, the Conservators did not appear disposed to "listen to the voice of the charmer," and the question was again adjourned to the next meeting of the Board. In the event of the Conservators seriously opposing the scheme—which is very probable—the matter will probably be abandoned.

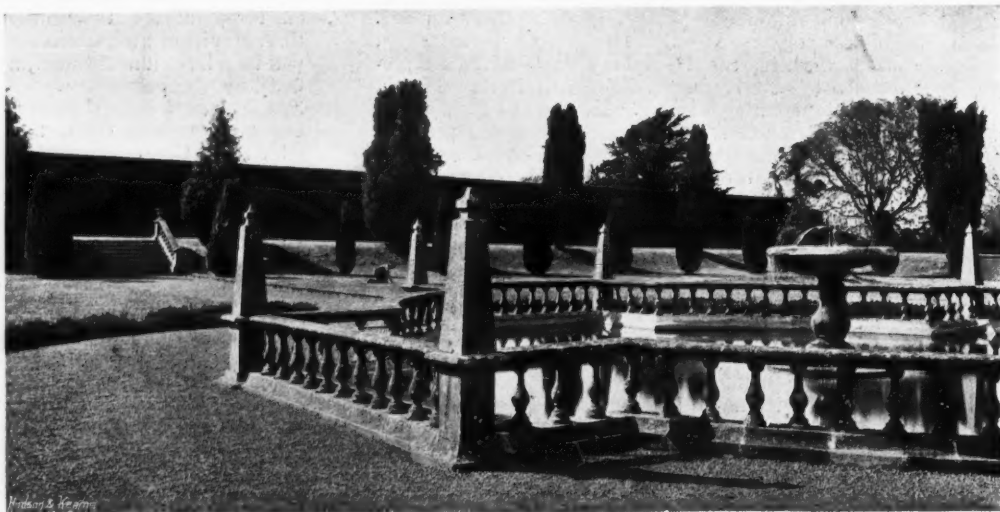
Lord Bandon, General Thomas Dennehy, C.B., and many of the magistrates of the County Cork, have signed a memorial petitioning that the close time for shooting snipe be extended to the 1st of October, as in one or two other counties in Ireland. At present the snipe has no close time of its own like game birds, but can be shot on the 1st of August under the Wild Birds' Act. A movement is on foot to try and get all the counties in Ireland to fall into line over this matter. An August snipe is not the same bird that he is a few months later, either from the sportsman's or the gastronome's point of view, and it is held that the early shooting down of the home-bred birds—as all those found in August are—is very detrimental, and will end disastrously.

The present year, by virtue of the abundance of its primroses, ought to be specially dedicated to the memory of Lord Beaconsfield. Of course one can only speak of the country as one sees it and knows it, and one does not know it or see it in every part; but in those parts that the writer has knowledge of the show of primroses in field, hedgerow, ditch, and bank is quite exceptional. One notices them the more, too, because most of the wild things are rather backward. The blackthorn is here and there in full flower, but at the moment of writing the catkins still furnish most of the green of exposed hedgerows.

The proposal—and it is more than a proposal, for Mr. Akers Douglas has announced it as a formed intention—to throw open to the public the Queen's private gardens at Kew, is one that should be looked on with much apprehension by country lovers who live in London. In its purpose, no doubt, as in its aspect at first sight, this is a measure calculated to give a bit more of delicious country space to the metropolitan area, but in point of fact its operation will be to take away from the great open and public places already surrounding it much that gives them their present attractions. If this were an isolated patch of woodland in the middle of houses—a *rus in urbe*—one would have nought but praise for the intention of throwing it open, but in point of fact it is a nursery, a sanctuary, in the midst of public, unprotected grounds. The open gardens of Kew and other common places surround it. On all sides is Nature in a state of more or less wildness, and within the area at present protected numbers of birds and wild creatures nest and breed unmolested, and thence people the pleasant places round about. But no one can be so simple as to suppose that this will continue when every member of the public can have access to it, or that the pheasant and squirrel—to mention two of its inhabitants only—will continue to make it their home when all the world can come to see them there. We have every confidence that this apparently benevolent, but really malignant, measure will be reconsidered before it comes into operation; that is to say, before June 1st.



THERE is a very beautiful drive to Montacute House from the old village of Montacute—the most beautiful, indeed, of all the four approaches. Leaving behind us the quaint cottages and rustic adornments of the village, we reach the lodge on the south side, embowered in roses, and giving a foretaste of what is to come. Once there grew hard by a glorious wistaria, which had attached itself, with unfamiliar friendship, to a box tree, but a gale swept by, and as if envious of the delightful effect produced by the lilac wistaria flowers flung in profusion over the dark green shrub, broke the quaint association by sweeping away the box. It is a delightful drive or walk from this spot to the house, which is not seen until it is neared, when the beautiful structure bursts upon the view amid its gracious surroundings. As we approach, midway in the drive a romantic prospect over the country is disclosed, the landscape stretching into the distance, with the church neighbouring the priory ruins, and the wooded hill behind. There are splendid specimens of *Taxodium sempervirens* by our way, reaching a height of upwards of 40ft., and noble examples of the *Cupressus*



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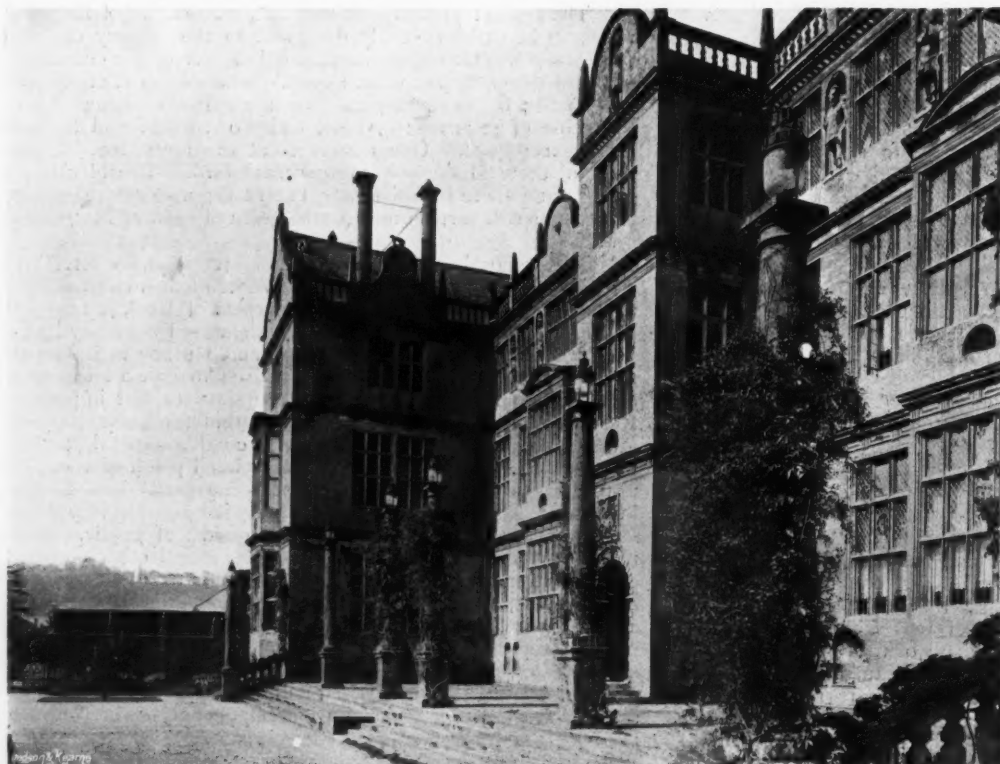
THE FOUNTAIN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

macrocarpa, rising to 60ft., with their branches sweeping the turf. Unlike the box by the lodge, these beautiful trees have so far safely breasted the storms.

Although the approach from the south is the most attractive, there are three other drives. That on the east side brings the visitor through the well-timbered park, where oaks and elms abound, to where the house stands nobly, its many-windowed façade rising with imposing effect. A number of the older trees on this side bear conspicuous marks of the ravages of time and the elements, but the rich woodland of Montacute has been well cared for—would that every possessor bestowed the same attention to the needs of his sylvan surroundings!—and a great many young trees have been planted within recent years. The north entrance is near the vicarage of Montacute, a valley intervening between the public road and the house. This approach is straight, with a broad stretch of greensward on each side, the background being formed by a long row of solemn Irish yews; beyond which, again, are deciduous and evergreen trees, such as oaks, cherries, elms, cedars, and Weymouth and other pines. Recently large numbers of flowering trees and shrubs have been planted in this part of the grounds, and, in their season, these will lend new brightness and beauty to the approach.

The walls of Montacute House, on the north side, are clothed with that familiar climber, the clinging Virginia creeper (*Ampelopsis Veitchi*), of



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THE ENTRANCE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



GARDENS OLD AND NEW: MONTACUTE HOUSE; THE GARDEN HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

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which alike the tender green in spring and the reds and crimsons of autumn have a charming effect, upon the grey Hambill stone of which the house is built. On this side is the quaint Dutch garden—a terrace with a wall about 6ft. high all round. On the north and west sides of the house are closely-clipped yew hedges, about 15ft. in height, making a very fine feature. But yews in many forms are made much of at Montacute, and give character to the place.

Let us pass now to the eastern side of the house, where the Roman soldiers look out over the garden from their lofty stations in the niches, and where are the balustrades, with their obelisks, curious temples, and supremely delightful garden houses. The garden is here arranged as an inclosed court, with these surroundings, and its aspect is very sunny and beautiful as you walk along the terraces. At equal distances on three sides, and about 20ft. from the walls, we again find Irish yews of fine growth. Clematis Flammula wreathes the pillars, making a beautiful picture when in bloom. On one of the walls is a splendid specimen of *Garrya elliptica*—that fine winter-flowering shrub which is never happy except upon a wall, unless it be in the sunny gardens of Devon and Cornwall.

Beyond this characteristic court or inclosed garden is a large square expanse of turf used for croquet, and in few places can the game be played amid such pleasant surroundings. On the side adjoining the kitchen garden there is another yew hedge, with a walk at one end, which must yet become a very remarkable feature of the garden at Montacute. It is inclosed by yew hedges on each side, and when, in the course of time, the tops of these meet, a covered yew walk will be formed.

Arcaded walks were a favourite, if not a common, feature in old gardens, and perhaps the most curious yet remaining is that strange "cradel walk, for the perplexed twining of the trees very observable," as Evelyn describes Queen Mary's Bower of wych elm at Hampton Court. Neighbouring the yew walk at Montacute is a fine specimen of the blue Atlantic cedar (*Cedrus atlantica glauca*), between 40ft. and 50ft. high, of which the blue-green colouring is very charming and distinctive.

But the effect of yews and cedars is sombre and imposing rather than attractive. They lend, however, rare character to Montacute, though we believe their number has been reduced in recent years, and give fine relief by their contrast to the borders of hardy flowers, which are filled with interesting plants, rich in colour at their appointed seasons. In the noble east court, which has been described, there are borders about 6ft. wide on three sides, all full of beauty throughout the season of flowers. Roses flourish on their own roots, and, in a sheltered situation, upwards of a hundred vigorous bushes of the most beautiful kinds fill the place with fragrance, and furnish many bowlfuls for the house in the summer. But Montacute is equally beautiful in the spring when the trees put forth their green, and when a thousand bulbous plants shoot up through the grass, giving an example of a very welcome phase of gardening. The grounds are famous also, it may be noted, for their many fine espalier pear trees, some noble specimens of the walls being upwards of a hundred years old. Much more might have been written of this beautiful place and its gardens, but enough has perhaps been said to show the reader how very interesting and attractive they are.



"The Conquerors."

OF the numerous American plays lately introduced to London, the most important, for many reasons, is "The Conquerors," by Mr. Paul Potter. It has been the theme of so much discussion, it is presented at one of our foremost theatres, it is founded—though the author's indebtedness was not acknowledged till very late in the day—on little masterpieces by Guy de Maupassant, and on a play by Sardou, though this indebtedness has not been acknowledged at all.

"The Conquerors" will not give rise to much discussion here, for it takes two to make a discussion, and no one has as yet been found with a good word for this silly and nasty play. Its merits would have given it a "run" of exactly one consecutive night; the prestige of the playhouse in which it appears, and the popularity of the actors and actresses who represent it, will very probably insure for it a more extended career. Should its life be really long, we shall want no further proof that there are a large number of playgoers in London who are attracted to the theatre by the nauseous.

Let us have no mistake about it. One need not be squeamish to have the very strongest objections to "The Conquerors." It were folly to hold that it is not permissible to provide strong fare at the theatre. It were stupid to deny that Art may require lurid colours to demonstrate certain things. The highest morality may render it necessary to use unpleasant media in its preaching. This is no plea for the turning of the theatre into a metaphysical dissecting-room; I merely wish to make the position clear. We do not want dangerous things treated on the stage more than we can help; but, unless our Drama is to sink into nothingness, the fact must be recognised that in the narration of a great theme the dramatist must be allowed to use material which is not necessarily the material we should like to show the young lady of fifteen. But the stage does not exist solely for the young lady of fifteen.

One wishes to demonstrate one's open-mindedness in this fashion in order that his condemnation of "The Conquerors" may be the more weighty. "In the narration of a great theme," with a noble end in view, in the treatment of a grand idea in dignified and high-minded manner, one is willing that an artist shall use dangerous material if he use it with restraint. But what are we to say of the author who uses it for the mere pleasure

of pandering to that portion of the public which may be sufficiently large to insure for him a commercial reward? Who uses it brutally; who forces it upon the stage without having as excuse the necessity of a new point of view, or a new problem, or any idea at all. Who seems to have said to himself, not "I have to use this bold incident to demonstrate the grand principle I wish to bring home; how can I best produce my effect without going further than is necessary?" but who gives one the impression of first finding the incident, and then providing some theme, some principle or other that by hook or by crook may form the background to the sensational episode which alone was the impelling motive in the writing of his work. In such a case there is no excuse for the introduction of the unpleasant and abnormal. We can forgive in a Zola or Hardy what is unpardonable in the mere hack of realistic fiction.

It is difficult to prove by telling the story of "The Conquerors" how thoroughly justified are these strictures, for it is difficult to tell the story at all in decent language. The hero is an officer in that Prussian Army of Occupation whose conduct on French soil was a fine example of discipline and restraint. He is surrounded by others almost equally detestable. Let Mr. Potter be under no delusion, his "hero" is no romantic scoundrel, he is simply an insufferable cad. For the man of fiery temperament, ungoverned passions, there may be a chance of redemption at some time or other; for the mere vulgar cad there is no hope whatever. So little does the author appreciate the relative value of things that he makes the French girl who threw a glass of wine in Eric Von Rodeck's face, for his filthy insults to her countrywomen, apologise to him for her conduct. According to Mr. Potter she was not justified in doing what she did. Most of us would think that her retaliation was woefully inadequate. Mr. Potter has so little of the gift of artistic insight that he imagines that highly-born Frenchwomen of the period would tolerate the advances of Prussian officers and flirt with them as though no such thing as war, no such thing as that violation of territory which caused anguish so poignant to every class in patriotic France, had taken place. The thing is absurd.

In revenge on the woman for such an "insult," this delightful officer and gentleman, aristocrat, scion of a great house, spins dice with his comrades for the privilege of dishonouring her, bolts and bars the doors of the lonely house where she is entrapped, invites her to take wine with him as though she were of that class it is not necessary to specify, chases her around the

room in the manner of a wine-sodden savage, gloats over his prospective revenge, reduces her to hysteria and tears, and then relents. This is the man whom love is to redeem; this the man who, in a moment, is transformed. A good seed planted in soil that is almost barren may grow and flourish, but if it rests on granite it has no possible chance. The redemption of an Eric Von Rodack is not possible. What sort of a woman is it who would almost immediately forgive such a man and learn to love him? Such a woman as the aristocrat, the high-spirited Yvonne de Grandpré? Surely not. Death for him and her would probably be her first and only thought; for him probably, for her certainly.

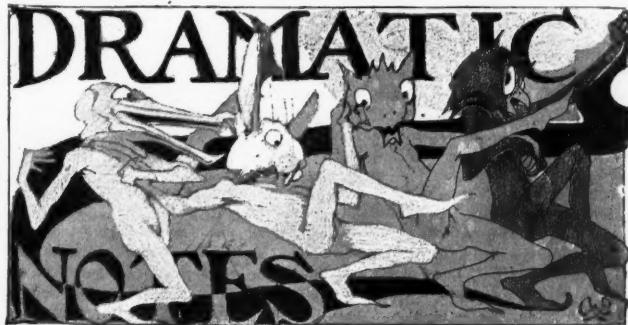
There, touched upon as gingerly as possible, is the play. There is not a single grace of the most superficial kind to palliate in the slightest degree the nastiness, the silliness of the central motive. It has no literary quality, no dramatic force of even the most primitive kind to relieve the dreariness of it all. We are not stirred at any moment, for the puppets have no reality about them; this unreality went some way towards making the worst episode endurable, for it was almost laughable. Full of anachronism, without charm or "grip" from beginning to end, weak, shadowy, amateurish, "The Conquerors" is not merely repellent, but dull.

Mr. George Alexander and Miss Julia Neilson did not interest us; what characters must they be that these cannot vivify! They touched us never. Without one moment of natural emotion, neither could make any impression. Certain strenuous qualities there are in the characters, but nothing beyond. Miss Neilson was appropriately hysterical and gurgling in the second act, Mr. Alexander duly brutal. Both did their best; the result was no fault of theirs. Mr. Fred Terry, as a French refugee disguised as a Prussian, played with firmness and distinction; Mr. Legge gave us a bright little picture of a French dancing master; Mr. H. B. Irving, though too deliberate, showed a graphic study of the horrible innkeeper. The author succeeded in making such brilliant artists as Mr. Vernon, Mr. Beveridge, and Miss Fay Davis merely wearisome.

The background of the piece is formed by a burlesque chorus, which sings waltz-songs on and sacred choruses off the stage, by curious "dancing girls," by idiotic generals who condemn anglers to death, and laugh when a spy, for whom they are seeking, gives his real name, and wander off treating it as a joke.

We are awaiting the cleanly and wholesome Mr. Rose at the St. James's Theatre with a great deal of interest.

B. L.



MISS MARY MOORE is, perhaps, seen to greater advantage, as an actress, in "The Liars," than in any Criterion play in which she has appeared. As an actress, for a prettier or more sympathetic figure than "my pretty cousin," in "Wild Oats," or Ada Ingot, in "David Garrick," one could not wish to see. In Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's present work, Miss Moore, while having no very exacting emotions to portray, has yet more scope for histrionic display of a gently exciting kind than usually falls to her lot. Miss Moore must be accustomed by this time to the impersonation of flighty wives, for in "The Case of Rebellious Susan," in "The Squire of Dames," just recently, and previously in "New Men and Old Acres," and other works, this style of woman has been played by her. She always succeeds in making them real, for she has that quiet, restful, clinging manner which we associate with wives who fancy themselves "misunderstood."

"The Belle of New York" at the Shaftesbury Theatre is eminently an example of the American spirit. It is strenuously lively, exceedingly brilliant, wonderfully smart, drily humorous, electrically exuberant. The ladies are extremely stylish and "smart," handsome and vivacious, they are gifted with any amount of "go" and with voices of a metallic quality, though one or two of them sing sweetly and prettily. The mounting is more remarkable for brilliancy than taste, the music is "catchy" and sparkling, the comedians have a freshness and novelty that are grateful to us. Altogether the piece is one of the merriest and most entertaining we have had in London for some time. Entertaining, that is, in its own way; our own musical plays have qualities of their own.

The Americans are inclined to carry their vivacity to excess, just as we carry our placidity to excess; but there is no doubt about it that excess of vivacity is better than excess of placidity. There is not the same taste and care in colouring and style that our own pieces have; no English manager would dream of putting such a ghastly costume on the stage as that worn by Miss Paula Edwards in the second scene of the second act. In Miss Edna May, Miss Phyllis Rankin, Mr. Harry Davenport, and Mr. J. E. Sullivan we have artists of whom America or any other country might well be proud. These ladies sing charmingly, and Miss May, in particular, is dainty and refined.

Mr. Sullivan, as a German lunatic, gives us a study of character which would be welcome on any stage of the highest rank. Mr. Harry Davenport, the young lover, has, strangely enough, more repose than the average English actor; he makes an interesting and attractive figure; he comes of a great family of actors, and will evidently one day be seen in work of a much more elevated class. Altogether "The Belle of New York" is likely to have a huge success here.

"Julia," at the Royalty, need not take up much of our time. It is a weak play, and affords Miss Louie Freear but little opportunity of displaying her peculiar talents. I am reluctantly compelled again to postpone my remarks on "The Heart of Maryland" at the Adelphi.

In reference to the American invasion of London, a German actor naturalised here said to me, "I zay, dese voreigners over here are getting too much ov a gut zing. Ve shall all be going round mit ze hat ourzelves, 'n't it zo?" This struck me as being rather funny.

They are at present singing "God Save the Queen" and "The Star-Spangled Banner" at the conclusion of the performances at many of the theatres in New York. One of the companies were recently called to a rehearsal of these songs. It is a curious fact, but a fact nevertheless, that nearly all of them knew "God Save the Queen," but not one of them "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Just about the time that these lines are in print Mr. R. C. Carton's new "light comedy," "Lord and Lady Algy," will be produced at the Comedy Theatre. The chief scene of this is a splendid ballroom, in which a costume dance is being given. Throughout the whole of the act Mr. Charles Hawtrey is just a little bit tipsy, sufficiently so to make him merry, and to want everyone to take a seat with him. The object of the play is to show the good qualities which exist beneath the ugly veneer of "the smart set." To most of us it will come as a surprise to learn that any good qualities at all exist in these Brummagem circles, about which one reads so much in the cheap "society" papers. But Mr. Carton always finds the bright side of things.



Photo. A. Ellis, MISS MARY MOORE. Upper Baker St.

Somebody has just discovered that we are the descendants of the ancient Egyptians. This, then, accounts for the way in which the foreigners are spoiling us. Madame Bernhardt, Madame Duse, Madame Odilon, and about a hundred and fifty American professionals will be playing in London this season. What is more, they are all welcome. They will "spoil" us in several ways. Not only will they take much of our money, but they will spoil us for much of the native mediocrity to which we have to submit. In particular we must rally round Madame Odilon, from Vienna. She is a great artist, supported by a splendid company—wherein she differs from the majority of foreign "stars" who visit us; but she is not known here as Bernhardt and Duse, so I wish to impress upon you the necessity of going to see her.

A Wych Elm Walk at Hampton Court.

HAMPTON Court Gardens possess many interesting features, but few more so to the lover of trees than Queen Mary's Bower, an arched avenue of the Scotch or Wych elm (*Ulmus montana*), in those gardens formerly private and under the control of the "Board of Green Cloth." These gardens are quaint and in a way pleasing, their sunny sheltered aspect agreeing thoroughly with many tender shrubs. Here we noticed a few days ago

the orange ball tree (*Buddleia globosa*) in health, although a shrub seldom happy away from the gardens of Southern England and Ireland. The *Pyrus japonica* and its several varieties were smothered with flowers, and in early summer a host of other shrubs—spireas in particular—and hardy perennials fill these quaint gardens with colour, made quaint still by the presence of the blue agapanthus and oranges in tubs. Our illustration, however, concerns the bower of Wych or Scotch elm. It is 100yds. in length, has a breadth of 12ft., and is placed on the left hand of the broad walk leading to the great vine. When entering these restful sunny gardens this bower is conspicuous, being raised above the surrounding level, grass terraces leading up to it from the gardens, and a flight of stone steps from the broad walk. One hardly needs to be told that the trees are of considerable age, the stems and branches having become partly interlaced, many assuming quaint gnarled forms. In winter the walk is very dry, sheltered and sunny, and in summer a pleasant retreat from the hot suns that beat upon these confined river-side gardens. The name of Queen Mary's Bower, meaning Mary, daughter of James II. and wife of William III., naturally led to the assumption that it was planted by that monarch, as many alterations were made in the garden at that time and Dutch styles introduced; but we find in Mr. Ernest Law's interesting work upon "The History of Hampton Court Palace" a quotation from Evelyn's Diary, June 9th, 1662, in which he refers to "a cradel walk of Hornbeam . . . which is for the perplexed twining of the trees very observable."

Assuming that Evelyn referred to this particular walk, it is possible that Henry VIII. enjoyed its leafy shelter from summer suns. Of this monarch's alterations, after the Palace had been given to him by Wolsey, Mr. Law writes: "The ruling idea was to lay them (the gardens) out in such a way as to suit the variable conditions of our climate, so that for cold and wet weather there were dry walks, walled parterres, sheltered alleys, and cloisters and houses half open to the air; and for summer shady nooks, grassy plots, flowery bowers, banqueting houses and arbours." As Queen Mary's Bower is so raised that it is always dry, it might be described as a sheltered alley or dry walk. Mr. Law adds, "the pond garden, which lies between the Palace and the banquetting house, and which is probably the most enchanting spot in all the ground, still retains something of its old Tudor aspect, being divided into original rectangular inclosures by low brick walls, overgrown with creepers, in the corners of which may be detected the bases of the stone piers that supported heraldic beasts, etc. The flower-beds were stocked with English plants, such as Rosemary, Violets, Sweet Williams, Roses, Gilliflowers."

There seems some mystery as to when the bower was formed, but we should think in William III.'s reign, when so many alterations were carried out, and probably the famous "Maze" planted. Evelyn's reference is doubtless to another walk (long destroyed), and that of Hornbeam, not to the present Queen Mary's Bower.



THE issue of "Vanity Fair," the first of the thirteen volumes in which Messrs. Smith, Elder are publishing a "biographical edition" of Thackeray's works, is emphatically the literary event of the week. To speak of a "biographical edition" is, I fancy, to adopt a phrase born with this particular issue of "Vanity Fair"; therefore it seems wise to consider, while the book is under notice, what the phrase means to Mrs. Ritchie, who has written the introduction. It does not mean sheer biography. "My father," says Mrs. Ritchie, "never wished any biography of himself to be written." Mrs. Ritchie is here careless in phraseology. If that were all, Thackeray would have been like many another honest and able man who died without considering the question whether his biography would be better written or not written. The plain fact, obscured by the position of "never," is that Thackeray desired that his biography should never be written, which is quite another thing.

For this reason I am inclined to think that the one letter to Mrs. Thackeray which is included would have been blacked out if it had been submitted to the writer before publication, true though it be to write, "it will show that he knew how to value the priceless gift of home and of happiness while they lasted, as well as to bear trouble and loneliness when they came upon him." But loving Thackeray in his books as I do above all novelists that ever wrote in our own or any other language—there have been greater men, Dumas for example, but not so lovable—I do not regret an insertion of which he might perhaps have disapproved. Beyond this we have in this introduction the beginning of pleasant and interesting gossip about the history of the books themselves, how they came to be written, whether the characters were replicas of any particular persons, how the books were written, and, best of all, Thackeray's own sketches reproduced. Rough they may be and something wanting in finish; but they are full of character, and they show us the kind of man or woman he had in his mind's eye as he wrote.

"Vanity Fair" he believed to be the best of his books; but it did not take the world by storm, and it seemed once that its publication must be suspended. "Alas! poor world," say the superior critics of this day, "the fact does not redound to the credit of its powers of appreciation." How easy it is to be wise after the event, to applaud with all the audience. But to be the first to recognise



QUEEN MARY'S BOWER.

genius, and to recognise the right thing as genius, that is the gift of the true critic. And how seldom is it displayed; how many great works we miss because we fear to praise; how many moderate achievements we hail with peans, in our fear of missing the great work! Even in our own little day, how long it was before Anthony Hope and Henry Seton Merriman found the public which ought to have been running after them eagerly for many a year. A generation ago Thackeray, in Young Street, and Tennyson were knocking at the door of fame in vain. Besides, I am not sure there was not something to be said for the public. "Vanity Fair" is great, is a wonderful study of character and manners; but it has not the infinite humanity of "Pendennis," or the splendid structure of "Esmond."

A book of remarkable interest and value will be offered for sale by Messrs. Sotheby on the 26th, together with Mr. Edward Walford's library and collection of autographs. It is "Old and New London" and "Greater London" (both of which have recently been reissued by Messrs. Cassell) bound up into nine large interleaved folio volumes. The interleaves are a mine of wealth. Old views are there; portraits, maps, cuttings, and numerous MS. notes. A glance at it will serve to convey an idea how vast an amount of methodical labour goes to the making of a book so pleasant and so accurate as either of these two.

The spring publishing season promises well. Before these lines are in print the first volume of Mr. Murray's definitive edition of Byron will be with us. Messrs. Constable's announcements are very strong in the matter of sport and travel. They include "Among the Himalayas," by Surgeon-Major Waddell; "Travels and Life in Ashanti and Iaman," by Mr. Austin Freeman; "The Northern Highway of the Tsar," by Mr. Trevor Battye; and "The Sportsman's Library," edited, appropriately enough, by Frances Slaughter. The biographies look a trifle dull. Under the heading "Fine Art" come "Highland Dress, Arms and Armament," by Lord A. Campbell; "London Impressions," pictured by W. Hyde, with notes by Mrs. Meynell. The fiction includes a new volume of stories by Pierre Loti, a reissue of several of Mr. Meredith's romances, and a Centenary Collection of the stories of Samuel Lover. That exquisitely funny writer is, one fears, not so well known as he ought to be in these days; but if the younger generation will once read "Handy Andy" they will want to know more of Samuel Lover.

A quaint interest attaches to Mr. Walter Phelps Dodge, for whom Mr. John Long will publish at once a volume of bizarre stories, to be called "The Sea of Love." Mr. Phelps Dodge is an Oxford man and was formerly Secretary to the American Legation at Athens (where he published "Three Greek Tales"), and is now reading for the English Bar at the Middle Temple, where his ancestor, John Phelps, Clerk of the Regicide Court of 1648-49, was a student in 1641. Mr. Phelps Dodge's *magnum opus*, "The Life of Piers Gaveston," on which he has been working for some years, will be published shortly by a leading publisher. Mr. Long also will publish at once Mrs. Lovett Cameron's novel "A Difficult Matter," and the very interesting lecture on the Temple (off the Strand, not in Jerusalem) recently delivered by Mr. Pitt Lewis, Q.C. Messrs. Cassell publish Mr. Max Pemberton's "Kronstadt" this week.

Books to order from the library:—

"Kronstadt." Max Pemberton. (Cassell.)
 "The Londoners." R. S. Hichens. (Methuen.)
 "Through China with a Camera." John Thomson, F.R.G.S. (Constable.)
 "The Hon. Peter Starling." Paul L. Ford. (Hutchinson.)
 "The Standard Bearer." S. R. Crockett. (Methuen.)
 "Senorita Montemar." A. P. Crouch. (Smith, Elder.) LOOKER-ON.

ON THE GREEN.

THE resuscitation of Mr. J. E. Laidlay is one of the most interesting points in recent golf. It is the more interesting in view of the approach of the amateur championship to be held at the end of May at Hoylake. It is said, by those who have knowledge of his play, that Mr. Laidlay is especially subject to these temporary lapses and recoveries. However that may be, he is at the moment in a manifest phase of recovery, for he not only won the medal of the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers with great ease, in a large field that included Mr. Balfour-Melville, the amateur ex-champion—his nearest rival being Mr. Dalziel, who won this medal last year—but since then he has been playing with Andrew Kirkaldy and A. Herd at St. Andrews on perfectly level terms, getting none the worst of the exchange at the hands of the

former, and holding a distinct advantage over the latter. This is great golf, and shows that Mr. Laidlay has come to his own again, in a golfing sense. There is no doubt that whatever sample of golf he may be able to bring with him to Hoylake, he will find local people able to match it; and, indeed, with such local talent as Mr. Hilton and Mr. Ball have to show, it is not easy to think but that the amateur championship of 1898-99 will be held by a Hoylake man. But no one knows. Ever since last spring Mr. Hilton seems to have been playing in finer form than Mr. Ball; but then we chiefly hear the results of scoring competitions, which have always been Mr. Hilton's strong point, rather than the hole matches, by which the amateur championship is decided, and in which Mr. Ball is relatively more strong. Mr. Hilton's latest good score was recorded at the last monthly medal meeting at Hoylake, when he had the lowest gross return with 79. It was not nearly good enough, with his heavy penalty, to win anything in the way of a nett prize. Mr. C. G. Hutchings took the monthly medal, and the rest of the plunder, with 86-4=82 in the first-class list, and in the second class Mr. J. Montgomery was winner, with 99-16=83.

It is good to see that "Old Tom" Morris is enjoying an Indian summer in his golf, holding the long St. Andrews course in scores of 88 and 87, which it troubles many a good golfer of the younger generation to equal. Wonderfully consistent is the form that Mr. F. S. Ireland shows at the Royal Blackheath Club's meetings. At the last spring meeting he won the annual medal for the fourth year in succession, with the score of 110. A yet more notable performance, however, was that of Mr. R. M. Richardson, who took the Knill cup and monthly medal with 119-21=98; for this is the first time in the club's history (and the last was the 107th competition for the spring medal) that a nett score below the century has been returned. One hundred and one was the previous best, so Mr. Richardson broke the record by no less than three strokes.

The annual foursomes tournament of the Warwickshire Golf Club was concluded on Wednesday week in favour of the holders of the cups, Mr. C. G. Lefroy and Mr. Hugh Lefroy. The winners of the previous tournament were Mr. Brown and Mr. R. Lyttelton, who thus established their right to challenge the holders. A gallant contest was the result, the pairs being all even at the end of the round, but the holders settled matters very speedily by winning the next hole, and so retaining the cups. The singles tournament for the Queen Victoria cup ended with the victory of Mr. Malcolm Moncrieffe, who, with odds of two-thirds, beat Mr. Hugh Rotherham in the final tie by two holes.

The new nine-hole course at Leslie, in Fife, has been formally opened, and is now ready for play. Mr. Eric Hambro was the hero of the Eastertide meeting at Sandwich; but these Easter meetings have been too numerous for us to attempt to deal with in detail.

The first half of the big foursome, played at Aberdeen, has ended with a decided advantage for the St. Andrews pair. If Simpson and Sayers were to go on to St. Andrews, the home green both of Kirkaldy and of Herd, with a fair

and equal chance, they ought to have had a hole or two to their credit. Instead, they stand three to the bad, and the outlook for the challengers is not altogether promising. Another professional contest of interest is that in which Braid has twice defeated White, on the latter's home green at Seaford, and again on the neutral course of Newhaven. Twice, too, in open competition at Westward Ho! has Mr. Hilton continued to show his wonderful strength and accuracy, beating all the local talent, as well as Mr. Ball and all his companions from Hoylake. Nevertheless, in the team match the Western club had a decided advantage.

Burstow Point-to-Point Steeplechases.

THE followers of the Burstow pack had a very pleasant wind-up on Saturday, the 16th, the annual point-to-point meeting, held over a splendid natural course to the west of Lingfield, attracting an immense gathering. Affairs of this kind are not so numerous in this particular part of the country as was formerly the case, and the merging of the Edenbridge steeplechase meeting into the gathering now held every spring over the fine course at Lingfield, has deprived many a resident in the country hunted over by the United Hunts of at least one good day's outing. Inclosed racing is all very well in its way, but there is more genuine fun to be got out of such a fixture as was held over the Lyne House lands on the 16th. There is so much uncertainty about a point-to-point event. As a rule one cannot see both the start and finish, and as there is no "telegraph" and sometimes even no card, there is considerable difficulty in finding out who is riding in the various events.

The balloon sent up in some countries for the competitors to turn by was not a feature of the Burstow event, and no one, not even genial Mr. Robert Fowler, the Lingfield official, who on this occasion was clerk of the scales, appeared to know—or care—the exact line of country to be taken.

After luncheon there was a general exodus to the finishing field. From here an excellent view of the last mile of the members' light-weight event could be obtained. It was a good finish, but only about eight riders out of the thirteen competitors completed the course, several coming down at the water jump, Mr. Walders, one of these unlucky wights, dislocating his shoulder. In the end Mr. H. D. Hall's Colleen (Mr. H. J. Hall) won from Mr. Alan Stevens' Gildrose (Mr. N. Stevens) and Mr. W. T. Banks' Frisky Jane (owner). Five sported colour in the heavy-weight event, and this was a much closer race, Mr. Walter Porter's Tophorn (Mr. Bell) just winning from Mr. Joseph Hall's Shamrock (owner) and Mr. H. S. Stoneham's Surefoot (owner). In the farmers' event the two sections rode together, Mr. George Stoner's Milo winning the light weight, Mr. G. Hamlin's Duchess securing Mr. W. H. White's cup offered the heavy brigade. Then for a scramble to the presentation of the prizes and one more drink to the success of the Burstow. Then for home—and work.

BIRKDALE.

MARCH HARES.

ANYONE who will imitate the author of "Rural Rides," and journey on horse back (or drive) through the Southern and Eastern Counties, will note that, for the first time since the passing of the Ground Game Act, hares are on the increase. March is the time in which to judge, for every hare is on the move. Perhaps the most convincing evidence may be seen on the Berkshire and Wiltshire Downs, and the sandy tracts of Norfolk, by the sea. On the downs hares and peewits are now more in evidence than any other creatures on the hills. In a new and beautiful park of some 2,000 acres of "converted" corn-land (now all grass and young plantation) not far from the White Horse Hill, the writer counted seventeen hares close together, feeding on the slopes. There was another hares' tea-party on the other side of a roll in the down. The members of each kept cantering and hopping along some well-worn hare-paths to "look in" at the other party, the object being for the gentleman hare to induce a lady of the other circle to accompany him back to his piece of grass, which he, no doubt, assured her was far better, sweeter, and more agreeably varied with herb-salad than the other bit. Sometimes, too, male hares, each on the same errand, would meet, and in one case a scuffle ensued. It was not *à l'outrance*, for both soon left off and began to eat grass. But at night they fight in earnest, and knock each other about sadly, to judge by the quantity of fur which marks the scene of combat. Near Holkham, where the beautiful sandhills—carefully planted and preserved—are full of hares, they go courting at night by the sad sea waves. Whether the gentlemen hares suggest that a little seaweed or a mussel would make a nice change in the daily menu, or whether the lady hares suggest a stroll by the water, is not known. But their footprints may be seen after low March tides far out on the sands.

This wandering instinct had a curious result on some shooting which the writer rented, bordered by the Thames. There came a very late and a very hard frost, and for a day or two the river was frozen. The hares took an exploring fit, crossed the river, found some agreeable cabbages and clover, and stopped there. The ice broke up; and next year there were not a dozen hares left on the side from which they had migrated. Close to this ground, but on higher land, near the river, was a big hundred-acre wood. Above the wood are two conical chalk hills, on one of which is a circular British camp. Under the old camp is, this year, a clover field. During March the hares come up from the wood every afternoon and assemble on this clover field inside the ancient fortress. There all night long they feed, make love, fight, and play up and down the steep slopes of the

rampart and ditch, and round and round the circle of the fort. It is a regular "hares' frolic" until the leverets begin to arrive, when they sober down again, and keep inside the big wood. All horned cattle have a dislike for the fidgeting and fussiness of the March hares. They dislike them at all times; but when three or four hares are crossing their meadow, cattle will put their heads down and drive them away.

A keeper on a favourite haunt of hares in Hampshire told the writer that a sitting hare will make a cow cease feeding near her fawn. He had often, he said, sat on a gate and watched the cows feeding in a water-meadow, where seven or eight hares were "squatted." The cow would go on grazing in its usual mechanical way, till within a yard of the hare. The hare would then jump up with a squeal, and strike the cow's nose, either with its fore or hind feet—probably the latter, which scratch abominably—and then lie down in its form, while the discomfited cow took another line.

Why hares sit close on one day, and make off before the beaters are in sight on another day, is unexplained. Last season the writer always had some fifty acres of plough land "walked" before shooting an adjoining wood. The hares, on this plough sometimes sat until the walkers almost trod on them. On other days they were off long before the men had topped the brow of a hill which ran half-way across the plough land.

This general *déménagement* of the hares was very interesting when watched from the edge of the wood, where two or three guns were usually waiting for a "drive." The hares came slipping over the plough and down the slope to the wood, generally in pairs. They had regular paths across and along the ridges and furrows, and always made for some particular opening or gate in the wood-side, never "fooling around," but travelling fast, with ears laid flat, and the body carried so low that they were almost invisible when travelling down the furrows. Once in the wood this caution ceased, and they potted about in the low scrub, or joined the "resident" hares in the high wood which was beaten later in the day.

It is not generally known that in one corner of Richmond Park hares are numerous. This is in a large paddock near the Robin Hood gate, divided from the park by a split-oak fence. In and around this, on the fields across the Wimbledon Road, forty hares were killed a few years ago by the Duke of Cambridge's party on September 1st. One of these hares, it is supposed, made its way recently into West Kensington, and was killed not far from the grounds of the Queen's Club.

C. J. CORNISH.



THERE was a plethora of racing last week, and no mistake, Monday alone having been responsible for about fifty meetings in various parts of the United Kingdom. It is every year more abundantly proved that it is the masses, and not the classes, who are the real supporters of racing, and when these get a day out "in their thousands," it is astonishing how the usual stock arguments about the game being overdone, and the cry of insufficient horses, are one and all shown to be based on illusion.

I am one of those who believe that all habitual backers of horses must get broke, if only they go on long enough; but, if there is one way in which that result can be insured in the shortest time possible, it is by following trials. Some horses never run up to their real form in a home gallop, whilst others perform stonies better at home than they ever will on a race-course. The weights, too, make an enormous difference, and although an animal may win a very high trial in which he carried 8st., it by no means follows that he will show the same form when racing under 7st. The converse of this equally holds good, and so it is that, however clever a trainer may be at trying his cattle, and however good judges of pace the jockeys who ride in the trial may be, it is very seldom indeed that a home trial works out correctly in public.

I have my own reasons for thinking that Kilcock flatters anything that is galloped with him at home, whilst it is also very likely that Ravensdale is a bit better on his home downs than on a public race-course. In addition to which, I do not believe that the last-named horse's trainer ever thought him the good thing for the Lincoln Handicap that the public rushed themselves into believing that he was, mostly on the strength of what they read in the papers. All this is very apparent now, after Ravensdale's failure at Lincoln, for which his jockey was to a certain extent blamed, and his two subsequent and ignominious displays at Kempton Park, in which he was ridden by Kempton Cannon and Mornington Cannon respectively.

The first of these was his effort in the Queen's Prize on the Monday, carrying 7st. 7lb. Jaquemart, who had just run very badly at Northampton, was giving him a year and 13lb., and Northern Farmer a year and 9lb. These two finished first and third, being separated by Prince Soltykoff's Sati, whilst the much-vaunted Ravensdale, who started at 11 to 8, could only finish fourth. The winner is a very nice horse, and his form at Northampton must have been all wrong. He will probably be worth following this season. I once had a great fancy for Northern Farmer, but he neither looked nor went well at Kempton, and his appearance gave little encouragement to the believers in his stable companion Hawfinch for the Two Thousand. Another of his stable companions, however, won a race on the same day, namely, that extraordinarily useful all-round performer Count Schomberg, who won the Salford Hurdle Race at Manchester. He had only one opponent to beat, it is true, and that a moderate one, but he won pulling up, and looked as well as ever he did in his life. What a really good horse this is, of his class, equally at home over all distances, on the flat or over hurdles, and one that can jump a country as well as the best when he is wanted to. He is pretty sure to take the Auteuil Steeplechase this year if he runs for it, and equally certain to win our Liverpool Grand National if he ever gets a chance. What a career his will have been if he does—to have won a Goodwood Gold Cup and a Liverpool Grand National, not to mention having run forward in a Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire.

The best steeplechase seen this year after the "Liverpool" was the Lancashire Handicap, at Manchester, on Easter Monday. It struck me that Keelson had been very leniently treated by the handicapper with 10st. 3lb., and others apparently thought so too, seeing that he started favourite at 4 to 1 in a field of eighteen. The Grand National winner Drogheda was amongst the runners, but 12st. was a very different weight to the 10st. 12lb. he won with at Liverpool, in addition to which I believe that no horse who has run prominently in that race is ever any more good for the rest of that season. This year's winner, too, had been seriously amiss in himself before he made his big effort at Aintree, so that it would have probably told more on him than usual. Breemount's Pride, who has for a long time past been talked about as the probable winner of a big chase, was backed at 10 to 1, but she fell at the second fence. March Hare and Ruric followed her example soon afterwards, and then Aline came down. The favourite had won his race quite a quarter of a mile from home, and coming away as he liked, he won in a canter by twelve lengths from Donner (10st. 7lb.), whilst Barcalwey showed himself the moderate horse I have always said and written that he was, by only carrying his 10st. 6lb. into third place, four lengths behind the second.

The big event of the Tuesday at Manchester was, as usual, the Jubilee Handicap Hurdle Race, for which that shocking welsher, Regret, started favourite at 5 to 2. That he could win in a canter, if he chose, was of course quite certain, but it is a ticklish business trusting horses of his temperament to win any sort of a race. However, jumping has probably given him more courage, and he has very likely found out by this time that it is really no trouble to a horse of his speed to beat a field of hurdlers over any distance, and so he condescended to win. That nice little mare Irish Girl finished second, with only 2lb. the best of the weights with the winner, and another Irish mare, Turkish Bath, was third. Bravo (12st. 11lb.) and the four year old Wales (10st. 4lb.) both ran well; and so ends the jumping season of 1897-98.

On Tuesday, at Kempton Park, Ravensdale had another chance given him in the Fulwell Plate, and as he had 8st. 13lb. to carry, and M. Cannon in the saddle, his defeat by Celada cannot be put down to his having been ridden by a boy who could not get him out. I am afraid he has been an overrated animal.

The advent of the Newmarket Craven Meeting, which began on Wednesday week, shows that we are getting well into the racing season. It cannot be said that the first day's racing was of a very interesting description, though I was glad to see Norah Sandys atone for her previous week's defeat by beating Dielytra in the Visitors' Plate. The Australian mare Maluma was made favourite for the Crawford Plate, and no wonder, seeing that she had only 7st. 7lb. on her six year old back. The five year



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LEAVING THE BIRDCAGE.

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COLLECTING AT THE STARTING-POST.

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MORE TO COME.

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old Melange and High Treasurer, with 8st. 12lb. and 7st. 13lb. respectively, were also backed, and ran well too, but neither of them could beat Fosco, with only 7st. 4lb. Maluma ran disgracefully. I never thought that this mare looked or went like a speedy sort, but I fancy she can stay, and I should never be surprised to see her win a long distance handicap, perhaps this year's Cesarewitch. The winner is a very beautifully-bred horse by Juggler, who has two crosses of Stockwell and one of Touchstone, out of Merry Lassie, with three strains of Touchstone and one of Stockwell. He is therefore as full of Whalebone as ever he can be, and all the big winners of the day are bred on these lines.

The second day at Newmarket gave us the first great surprise of the season, when Cyllene, a long way the best two year old of his year, could not live with his field in the Column Produce Stakes. He never seemed able to go the pace at any part of the race, and in the end was beaten into third place by the Senanus—Scotia filly and Purser. That this form must have been all wrong seems certain, but how to account for it I am sure I do not know.

It cannot truthfully be said that the nine three year olds which went to the post for the Craven Stakes were of any very high class. We have all heard a great deal of talk about Jeddah during the last few weeks, and he is no doubt a very improved colt. At the same time, I never quite liked him, and I shall be surprised if he turns out as good a horse as some of his friends seem inclined to believe that he will. Having a very poor lot to beat on Friday last, he naturally started a firm favourite at 2 to 1, and although he had to be driven hard some way from home, he drew away when roused, and won cleverly enough at the finish by a length from the unknown quantity Schonberg, a bay colt by Royal Hampton out of Orange—whose first appearance on a race-course it was—with Calveley, three lengths off, third, and Galashiels, the lately-named colt by Galopin—Thebais, fourth. The winner is by the beautifully-bred Janissary (by Isonomy out of Jannette, by Lord Clifden, her dam Chevisaunce, by Stockwell) out of Pilgrimage, by The Palmer, son of Beadsman, her dam Lady Audley, by Macaroni out of Secret, by Melbourne.

Notwithstanding the attractions of the Association Cup tie at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, the attendance at the Windsor April Meeting was quite up to the average. The weather, although anything but promising in town, was all that could be desired as soon as the smoke of London was left behind, and the country was looking its best in the fresh greenness of spring. The fields were on the whole good, and there was every promise of a good day's sport. Eight horses went to the post for the Holyport Heavy-weight Handicap, of which Hips and Haws, Rowanberry, and Hampton Brook alone received much attention from the backers, but it was evident from the first that a mistake had been made in overlooking Orris Root, the son of Orvieto and Hazlebush, who passed the judge cleverly by a length, Hampton Brook coming in second. There were also eight starters for the second race, the Public Sale Plate, which was won easily by three lengths by Carlin, afterwards sold to Lord Marcus Beresford for 420 guineas. For the Village Selling Plate, limited to two year olds, there were fifteen competitors, the winner, Viburnum, being bought in by Mr. P. Aldworth for a little more than the 100 guineas he realised.

After winning the Wakefield Lawn Stakes at Northampton, Morfe, who was badly beaten in the Metropolitan Handicap at Alexandra Park on the previous Saturday, quite altered that form in the Spring Handicap by beating King Hampton by three parts of a length, St. Lucia making a bad third. Canadense, the winner of the Romney Selling Plate, was heavily backed at level money, and did not disappoint her supporters; she afterwards fetched 600 guineas, at which figure she became the property of Mr. Cassel. In the Taplow High-weight Handicap, Air Gun took the lead, and although pressed by Einnoc, passed the post three parts of a length in front of Mr. R. A. Harper's chestnut colt. The Slough Plate concluded a most successful programme. Liscarton was the favourite, and fully justified the confidence of his supporters by getting home a length and a-half in front of Nouveau Riche.

The metropolitan jumping season will be brought to a conclusion at Sandown Park on Saturday, and a good thing too, considering the miserable sport it has produced. Regret looks the most likely to win the Great Sandown Hurdle Race, for all his 10lb. penalty, as his class should certainly enable him to give 7lb. to Bird on the Wing, if only he be in the humour to do so. The three and a-half mile Grand International Steeplechase ought to bring out a good field, though, as most of those entered must be pretty stale by this time, it is by no means easy to say what is likely to win, or even to run. If I had to make a selection it would be in favour of Ruric, if he represents the Weyhill stable, whilst it should not be forgotten how well Greenhill ran for a long way in this year's "Liverpool." Count Schonberg will, of course, win the Foulern N. H. Flat Race, and Crystal Palace looks like taking the Criterion Steeplechase.

STUDS AND STABLES.

THE MESSRS. WHEELER AT ROTTINGDEAN.

AMONG the various chasers who ought to have assembled at the Aintree starting-post for the Grand National was one who, although not much known to fame, was not a little fancied by her connections, and who would certainly have run well but for having hit her leg in her last gallop and been

thereby prevented from starting. This is Bugle, a six year old Irish-bred mare, by Ben Battle out of The Black Witch, and trained by the Messrs. Wheeler at Rottingdean. Ben Battle is a famous sire of jumpers, and as Bugle's dam is by Xenophon, her dam White Witch, by Massanessa out of Jeu des Mots, by King Tom, she is, at any rate, bred on the lines of a Grand National winner.

Rottingdean is a quiet, healthy little village, situated in a valley running up from the sea into the Southdown hills, about five miles east of Brighton. It is a perfect spot for training horses, and there the Messrs. Wheeler have settled down with a useful string, which includes the once Liverpool candidate, Bugle. I have known the brothers Wheeler for a good many years now; in fact, ever since the days when they trained Cybele, Early Dawn, and a few jumpers on the downs nearly opposite the Preston Barracks at Brighton, since which they have had a number of good horses through their hands—Red Rube and Penny Hill to wit—and have won more than their fair share of races; but as I had never seen their establishment at Rottingdean, I thought I would run down and do so, the more especially as I was anxious to see Mr. Keeping's Grand National candidate.

A pleasant hour's walk over the breezy downs from Brighton—or if you prefer it you can travel by the electric car which runs through the sea—brings you to Rottingdean, and in a sunny little house at the top of the village exactly opposite to the church you will find Mr. Wheeler and his brother. At the back of this house is a spacious yard, round which they have lately built a range of



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REFUSING TO JOIN HIS HORSES.

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UNSADDLING.

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new boxes, which I was very glad to find full. My first visit was of course paid to the mare whom we hoped to see carrying Mr. Keeping's colours to the front at Aintree. It was a warm morning, so she was stripped for my inspection. What did I see? A long, low, level-made black mare of the hard wiry type, with great arms and thighs, beautiful shoulders, and a varmint, business-like look about her head and neck. Not a big one, hardly big enough, some might think, for the Aintree country, but a big little one, all use, and with an unmistakable cut and come again look about her. In fact, her trainer assured me that she was sure to stay every inch of the distance, and that she is not only a beautiful fencer, but can go on jumping. As hard as nails, too, she was, but big and full of muscle, and nothing that opposed her would have been more fit for its task than she was then. I remember how well Biscuit, who was trained in the same stable, ran in this race two years ago, and I had a sort of fancy that Bugle might, perhaps, do a little better still.

Among the others I was shown were Balmy, a thick, strong, compact sort of horse, who has shown some smart form over fences, and is a beautiful jumper; Gaffer Green, a chestnut, who ran second to Tramp at Sandown Park, a hard, clean-looking horse; Loyalty, a sound, wiry, rather light-looking bay mare, who is always running in public, and is an invaluable tell-tale at home; and then Guntawang, a great, leathery, old-fashioned sort with tremendous bone, and a good honest head, whom I saw run very well in the Grand National Hunt Steeplechase at Hurst Park two years ago, and for whom I have had a fancy ever since. Quite one of the old style he is, and a faultless fencer. Broth, by Brag out of Beverage, is a hard, old-fashioned sort, with remarkably good



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ARRIVAL OF LORD ROTHSCHILD.

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A FEW OF THE FAVOURITES.

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WAITING FOR THE HOUNDS TO BE LAID ON.

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legs, and a fine jumper; Titchfield, an active little chestnut, by Galliard out of Agnes Bentinck; The Seer, a thick, strong horse of the same colour, with a wonderful back and loins, and who beat Cruiskeen II. at Kempton Park the other day; and Heatherwell, a beautiful mare, a big, fine, level sort, with great reach all round, two good ends, a rare middle, and as hard as nails. She is by Macheath out of Springwell, and will make a rare brood mare some day.

These are only about half the animals that I was shown, but although the exigencies of space prevent my giving a description of the remainder, including some likely-looking two year olds, this I can truthfully say, that I never saw any stable full of horses looking quite so well, hard, clean, and muscular, whilst it is evident from the appearance of everything in their boxes that the brothers Wheeler not only take the greatest trouble with everything under their charge, the worst as well as the best, but that they are also firm believers in keeping their horses big and muscular, as well as getting them fit and clean inside. The downs are close at hand, where they have laid out gallops of every description, and as you stand in the yard behind the house you may see the last few fences of their schooling course on the hill to the left. Altogether I came to the opinion that Mr. Wheeler and his brother are likely to train plenty of important winners in the future, of whom I sincerely hope that Bugle may soon get all right again, and make amends for the accident which unfortunately robbed her of an undeniable chance of winning the greatest steeplechase of the year. OUTPOST.

Lord Rothschild's Staghounds.

THESE pictures are positively the last illustrations connected with the chase to be produced in these pages at the end of a gloriously open season; and there is one of them which would have been welcome at any time during the last forty-five years. For precisely that period did Fred Cox occupy the post of huntsman; and a very typical huntsman he was. He remembered, no doubt, the days when Anthony Trollope used to follow the famous pack, greatly preferring "the Baron" to Mr. Selby Lowndes. His successor also we are able to show in counterfeit presentment. Here also, in a corner of the kennel, is a group of staunch hounds, all well worth looking at; and a picture of Lord Rothschild himself arriving at a meet. Finally, we see an illustration of the manner in which sportsmen give the stag law. Why did Trollope possess so strong a fancy for "the Baron's"? The reason is not far to seek. He was an assiduous brain-worker, who knew that there was nothing like a rattling run with hounds to blow away the cobwebs. With the staghounds he could be far more certain of a run than with foxhounds. With "the Baron's" he ran far less risk, teste the Duke of Beaufort, than with Her Majesty's of a gallop resolving itself into a "hammer, hammer, hammer on the 'ard 'igh road."

Driving Notes.

[FOR LADIE.]

THESE notes on driving are not intended for those lucky people who, from their youth up, have been familiar with the joys of the stable, and who could ride and drive almost before they could walk; those people can look after themselves. But there is a large percentage of ladies who are not so fortunate, and who find themselves, after they are



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FRED COX.

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grown up, in possession for the first time of something to drive. They as a rule make full use of it before they are in the least capable of doing so, and consequently their performances are by no means a credit to their sex. When I was first learning to drive (at a very early age), our old coachman, himself the best all-round whip I ever saw, used to warn me, saying, "Be especially careful when you see a lady driving, as they never know what they're a-doing or where they're a-going, and nobody else does either."

What was true then is true now; not a day passes that one has not to blush at the exhibitions ladies driving are content to make of themselves; and there is no reason why this should be the case—there is nothing to prevent a lady being as good a whip as a man, under ordinary circumstances. To begin with, ignorance and self-satisfaction are the chief causes of failure, and the mistaken



J. T. Newman.

JOHN BOORE

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notion that, because they can play lawn tennis, or are adepts on a bicycle or have always lived an outdoor country life, they *must* be able to drive. I have seen really fine horsemen abominable drivers; not that they err in the same way as ladies, but it is an absolutely different accomplishment. If some of our readers who have an inner consciousness that their skill in driving is not altogether what it might be, and who are not above taking advice, will digest these hints from an old hand, they will in all probability derive some benefit. Let me add, it does not make a lady unwomanly to be conversant with these details of the stable; there is nothing in the fact that you know how to harness your pony, and how to drive him properly, that could shock anyone. It need not be your topic of conversation and your one absorbing thought. We will begin modestly, and imagine you to be the happy possessor of a pony and cart. If you had a larger stable establishment, though this information you are about to acquire is always useful, you might not have to make practical use of it. We will take for granted you are not afraid of your pony, but are quite ignorant as to his management. Everyone who drives ought to be familiar with the harness and its uses. You would not go on an expedition on your bicycle without being able to pump it up if necessary. Neither ought you to start for a drive without being able to alter a strap or, if needful, harness and unharness your pony.

The first thing is to examine the set of harness off, and then put it on the animal. First comes the pad, which goes on the pony's back; from it hang on either side loops or tugs in which rest the shafts, and thus support the weight of the cart. At the back of the pad is the crupper, a strap with a wide loop at the end, through which goes the pony's tail. This prevents the pad slipping too much on to his neck. Two girths are on the pad, the shorter to go round the pony's body to fix the pad, the other to keep the shafts steady when the pony is in. Then comes the collar, on which are fastened the hames, bow-shaped irons from which hang the traces, long thick leather straps. By these the cart is drawn.

Now there is the bridle. It is rather complicated. The blinkers on each side are to prevent the animal seeing things coming from behind; they must come exactly over his eyes. The ears come through the two spaces near the top over the brow-band, which is a straight band—generally coloured or ornamented—across the front at the top of the bridle. The throat-lash hangs from either end of this brow-band, and is the only strap to be done up and undone when harnessing. The nose-band, a circular band from which hangs the bit, is at the lower part of the bridle and goes round the pony's nose. The reins, long narrow strips of leather, with buckles at either end, need no description.

The groom is out, a hundred things may happen, and you have to put your pony in yourself, so this is how to do it:—Take all the harness and put it conveniently near the pony. If he is in a stall turn him round and take off his clothing. Unbuckle the hames from the collar at the narrow end, pull the collar across and broaden it out, and push it over the pony's head, the wide end, of course, uppermost. Put the hames on to the collar while it is still in this position on his neck. Fasten the strap of the hames underneath firmly and securely, and see that they rest in the groove in the collar meant for them. Then turn the collar round and slip it back on to his shoulders, pulling the mane from underneath.

If the pony is very small, to prevent stooping you can fasten the hames on the collar after you have turned it round to its right position. If the pony stands quiet you will not need to tie him up. But if he won't be quiet, put a halter on over which the collar will slip—see that the throat lash on the left side of bridle is undone. Now take it in your left hand, and with the right hold the pony's forelock in front of his ear. Lift the bridle up so that his nose goes through the circular nose-band and the bit into his mouth. Horses will generally open their mouths for this, but if your pony won't, put the fore finger of your right hand into his mouth at the very back; he won't hurt you, and he'll open it at once. Raise the bridle so that you can pull the two ears through their openings above the brow-band, see that the mane in front and at the side is perfectly smooth, and fasten the throat lash rather loosely at the near side, and your bridle is on. The bit ought to be just so high that it does not wrinkle the pony's lips. It can be altered by the two straps from the nose-band. If you have a curb, undo the near side and twist the links till they are quite smooth, and hook it so that there is room for your three fingers between it and the pony's jaw. Now take the pad, put it across his back, only further back than it is eventually to be. Take his tail firmly in one hand and put it through the loop of the crupper, being careful not to entangle his hairs. If he has a long tail it is better to double it before putting it through. And now let me say, in dealing with horses, be careful to handle them firmly. Don't be rough, but on the other hand don't be too gentle, as it tickles them, which they do not like. Don't fuss them, but go calmly to work in a quiet business-like way. Do not come on them suddenly or startle them. If you are fidgety and nervous they will become so too. Now pull the pad forward on to the hollow of the animal's back and fasten the short girth rather tight. Sometimes there is a kicking strap across his back through the crupper, but as often as not for a pony it is dispensed with. Take the reins, and from the centre pull them through your fingers, so that there is no twist in them, throw one end across the pony's back, while you put the other through the terret on the pad and then through the one on the hames and thus to the bit. If this is what is called a ring snaffle, which has on either side a ring fastened to the bridle and one loose, you can fasten the reins to both or the loose one only, but see that both sides are alike. If it is a curb bit, there are generally three places in which you can buckle the reins. The top or check is the easiest for the pony, the next below called the middle bar, and the lower bar the severest of all. Now tie the pony up and get your cart ready. Pull it out of the coach-house and see that your whip and rug are ready in it, and if you have a kicking strap on your harness, see that the tugs to which it is fastened are ready round the shafts. They are short stout straps with buckle one end and holes very near the other. Put them round the shafts through a metal loop towards the thick end of the shafts, and buckle them so that the buckles face inwards, *i.e.*, between the shafts.

Pull out the pony, make him stand in front of the cart, lift the shafts rather high, pull the cart gently forward (being very careful not to touch him anywhere), and put the shaft on the near side just in the tug on the pad. Go round the pony and put the other side in, unless he is small enough to do this over his back. Back the pony or pull the cart forward till the tugs reach the stop on the shafts. Undo each trace (they are generally knotted up out of the way) and put them through the kicking strap tugs on to the hooks on the cart. This is a great stumbling-block for amateurs. If they can they will twist the traces. The hooks on the cart being very often curly, it is imperative in fastening the trace to begin by half turning it, so that it *looks* as if it was bound to be twisted. No explanation will make this clear; the only thing to say is, that the traces *must not* be twisted. Now buckle the girth over the traces; it must be rather loose to give play to the shafts. Then the kicking strap must be buckled on to the tugs, and this must

be loose enough to allow the pony when trotting to have plenty of room. I have been speaking hitherto of a two wheel. In a four-wheeled carriage breechings are generally used. They are like the kicking strap, with an additional strap round the back of the animal, with which he holds back the carriage. This fastens round the shafts nearer the point than the kicking strap, but also in a loop. This must be carefully adjusted, not so tight that the animal has difficulty in moving his hind legs, and not so loose as not to keep the carriage off his heels. In a four wheel the outer girth must be fastened tighter than in a two

wheel, otherwise the shafts jerk about too much. This is the way to manage if your pony is absolutely quiet. If he is fidgety or impatient, it is a good plan to turn his head *toward*, and not *away* from his stable whilst harnessing him into the cart. You must be careful to keep a hand always on one rein or the other. It is by no means an easy thing to put a really fidgety pony into a cart, with no one to help you, so if you can do so, procure anyone available, if not, do your best, being quiet and steady over it, never leaving go of the reins.

(To be continued.)

THE PLEASURES OF BIRDS'-NESTING.

THERE is no pleasure to those whose childhood was passed amid woodlands and fields which is more vivid than that of birds'-nesting. Its fascination lasts—unlike a good many others. "Even in our ashes live their wonted fires," and I have known a man of middle age and sedate aspect, immersed in work in town from one week to another, essay to mount an ash tree in a country lane at sight of a nest in one of its branches. A bird's nest is always a pleasing sight. But a day or two since in this northern suburb I saw one in a low tree in a mere strip of a garden, and I must needs pause and study it from the pavement, much to the astonishment of busy wayfarers. They saw a little handful of twigs of last year entwined in a barely budding tree, but I saw far more—an old-world garden, bright with crocuses, primroses, snowdrops, and wallflowers, miles away, and ample whitethorn hedges inclosing and a wicket at the end leading into an orchard, and in each bush and hedge and apple tree were nests, all varying in aspect, but all beautiful works of wonderful instinct, which the wisest may study only to confess that it is mysterious as wonderful. The pleasure of birds'-nesting, however, depends upon its discreet enjoyment, which means the gratification of the egg-collecting passion without harming either nest or bird, and that is attained by the simple process of taking one egg, which the bird will not miss, from each kind of nest. Delicacy of hand is needful in doing this. Birds differ greatly. Some, like the lesser white-throat or babillard, do not mind human inspection or handling of their nests, others will desert the nest if it be pulled about. But he who is a born birds'-nester will never damage a nest and will disturb in very small degree the surrounding leafage.

About the earliest nester is the hedge sparrow. The hedge sparrow is a simple little brown and blue-grey creature, always



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A HEDGE-SPARROW'S NEST.

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active in the hedge it loves so well, hopping from twig to twig with flitting wings, and piping its perennial lay in soft sweet varied tones. It builds its nest when the green buds are as yet unfurled on the sprays. Therefore the nest is seen and easily obtained by the injudicious, by the judicious as easily explored. The eggs are a pure turquoise blue. Observe, as in almost every case, the exquisite assimilation to Nature. The surrounding hue is green—so is the nest. I have much affection for the hedge sparrow. In those early years when we are happier than we shall ever be again, and our childish joys are complete, those blue eggs were the first I ever saw, and they began that long and many-hued string which was one of my most prized possessions. Next to the hedge sparrow in point of time come the blackbird and thrush. The former loves well the big hawthorn bush, the latter the laurel clump or the holly. The hay-lined nest and greenish spotted eggs are those of the former, the mud-lined home and bright blue spotted eggs those of the latter. In boyhood nothing did I more covet than the milk-white eggs—always two—of the wood-pigeon, but these are among the most inaccessible.

The nest is a mere platform of shells on a lofty bough of pine, ash, or oak, and walking under you may see the tantalising gleam of white through the interstices. Sometimes, however, the bird builds low, in a thorn bush for instance, though in my own experience this is rare. The loveliest nest of all is that of the golden-crested wren, and its site a pine bough. To this it is suspended—it is nearly a foot in circumference, composed of moss, spider webs, lichens and the like, and lined with downy feathers—in such a manner that the long sweeping foliage droops over it like a bower, effectually concealing it from observation. Within are from seven to ten pale yellowish-brown eggs. But more familiar to everyone—and because so familiar by some not appreciated—is an almost equally beautiful structure, the nest of the gay-hued, merry chaffinch. An orchard or a cluster of evergreens is the most usual place wherein to find one. You glance at an



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A BLACKBIRD'S NEST.

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apple tree and see on a mossy branch a globular projection, seemingly one merely of bark and moss, an excrescence of the trunk. The orchard ladder enables you to explore this without any undue exertion of the muscles. Then you see it is a round, exquisitely-constructed nest. Moss and brown leaves compose this one externally.

But every chaffinch assimilates its materials to the colour of its site. Thus in a holly the nest will be of green moss. Feathers and wool compose the lining, not selected at random, but resembling in colour the bluish-white, pink-tinged eggs. Whatever the materials, the accurate globular form is always preserved. The higher branches of apple or pear trees, too, are favourite places for the goldfinch's nest. It is an elegant one and compact, the materials lichen moss and grass stalks, beautifully interwoven, and it is lined with wool, hair, and down, on which repose bluish-white, brown-spotted eggs. Chaffinch and goldfinch in their brilliant plumage and with their merry littings are popular enough. Not so the modestly-garbed greenfinch, who has no particular song, yet is appreciated as a hardy pet bird by town children who do not want music or brilliancy in their pets. Now the green linnet, as he calls it, was a favourite of Wordsworth's, and of him he says, with a true poet's keen observation :

"A brother of the leaves he seems,
When in a moment forth he teems
His song in little gushes."

And the greenfinch loves, lives amid, and resembles the leaves. Look in the hedgerow just behind a thorn bush, there you will see his domicile. A round green ball, his home matches himself in colour. Observe that the feathers which line it are mostly white; why? Because the eggs are white with bluish shading. Not seldom, too, one finds in the same hedge a titlark's nest—one of the places wherein the cuckoo is fond of dropping an egg. This is so ingeniously tangled with moss, grass, fibres, and hair, that it might easily be mistaken for a heap of hedge debris. It contains usually five eggs. They are greyish-white with brown speckles.

Did you ever try to take a magpie's egg? That yellowish treasure is rare in cabinets. For the bird so weaves twigs and sharp thorns into her domed nest that no intruder, unless with hedger's gloves and a bill-hook, would succeed in annexing an egg. She usually chooses the strongest, best-rooted tree. Therefore, on the *post non propter hoc* principle however, the rural superstition that magpies' trees are always safe. But Mag is a bird of legend as well as of opera. "One for sorrow, two for mirth, three for a wedding, four for a birth," is the line as I have



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THE LINNET'S NEST.

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heard it, and I know some people who would turn back if they met a solitary magpie and go on exultant on meeting two, if bound on any errand in which they were much interested. But there are variants on the fateful numbers in different places.

The pretty little whitethroat loves the garden. Sometimes you could almost annex one of her eggs by stretching your arm out of window. A laurel bush close to the house is often her home. When she leaves the nest of dried grass stems, she puts a leaf over the greenish-white eggs and the nest is over-arched with long grass blades. As a contrast to the home of the whitethroat, which loves human habitations, let me mention that of the rich-toned blackcap, second only to the nightingale in music, who shuns man as much as possible. Would you find a blackcap's nest (unless you are of the discreetest order of birds' nesters I would rather you did not), you must go into the recesses of the copse. Deep amid the hazels stands a thorn bush, a veritable fortress, and deep within this is a well-built structure of grass, wool, and moss. Four yellowish-brown eggs lie therein. The mother is among the thickest foliage near, watching attentively, though concealed; she flew off at your approach. Look, but do not touch. So sweet and comparatively rare a singer as the blackcap should not be plundered of even one egg. But space does not permit half I could say on this charming theme. Let me add that I imagine few of our readers have seen a kingfisher's nest, though the eggs of white transparent hue are much coveted. It is in some hole under the bank of a stream where earth and gravel have been washed away and the roots are bare that you may find the nest. Such experiences are (happily for bird lovers), however, very rare. F. G. W.

The Beagle as a Show Variety.

DURING the last two or three years a controversy as to the correct characteristics of the Beagle has been instituted. Astonishing arguments, and what to many



Photo. T. Fall,

PICCOLO.

Baker Street.

have appeared to be exaggerated statements, have been brought forward, the result being that not a few Beagle breeders are in doubt as to whether their animals are worthy of inclusion in the Stud Book. Judges too have differed, and many hard things have been said and written on the subject of Beagle type. That the Beagle is a variety well worth patronage is, however, generally admitted, and the fact that no breed has so rapidly increased in popularity since given classification at the Kennel Club Show, proves that the Beagle Club was not formed in vain.

The objects of the club are stated to be "to promote the breeding of Beagles of the true type, and to urge the adoption of such type upon masters, breeders, judges, dog show committees, etc., as the only recognised standard by which the variety should be judged, and which should be uniformly accepted as the sole standard of excellence in breeding, and in awarding prizes of merit to Beagles."

A description and standard of points have been drawn up for the guidance of breeders, the former being based on the one adopted by the American Beagle Club, a far more powerful combination than the home club. The head, we read, should be of fair length, powerful without being coarse, the skull domed, moderately wide, with an indication of peak, the stop well defined, muzzle not snipey, and lips well flewed. A black nose, broad, with nostrils well expanded, must be looked for in every

good animal, whilst the eyes, brown, dark hazel, or hazel in colour, should have a mild expression and not be deep set or bulgy. Ears long, set on low, fine in texture, and hanging in a graceful fold close to the cheek, are the correct thing, and the neck should be moderately long, slightly arched, with the throat showing some dewlap. Clean and slightly sloping shoulders, and a body short between the couplings, well let down in chest, with ribs fairly well sprung, and powerful and not tucked-up loins, are also characteristics to be looked for in a well-balanced Beagle. The hindquarters should be very muscular about the thighs, the stifles and hocks well bent, whilst the straighter and rounder in bone are the fore legs the greater will be the chance of the animal's success on the bench. The stern should be of moderate length, set on high, thick, and carried gaily, but not curled over the back, whilst as regards colour, that of any recognised hound is admissible. In general appearance the Beagle should be a miniature Foxhound. This then is a technical description of a variety which, although one of the oldest in the country—for we find frequent mention of the Beagle during the times of George IV. and Queen Elizabeth—is one of the rarest, few show committees giving anything approaching adequate classification.

Of George IV. it is said that he was a most ardent admirer of the variety, and that when he was Prince of Wales his dwarf pack was an institution on Brighton downs. Hounds under 12 in. are not, however, used so generally as was then the case, for unless followed on foot they run considerable risk of losing their lives by being drowned in the ditches in wet weather. Nevertheless, their superior powers of scent are conspicuous over those of the larger hounds, more especially when the atmosphere is close, as they run nearer the ground than the latter. Mr. Vero Shaw relates that the late Colonel Hardy had once a fine pack of these diminutive hounds. So small were they, in fact, that the ten or twelve couples were always carried to and from the country over

which they were to hunt in a large pair of panniers slung across a horse. Small as they were, and insignificant as they would now seem, they could invariably keep a hare at all her shifts to escape them, and finally worry or tease her to death. The catastrophe attending this curious pack was of a very singular description, for a small barn, having been for some time appropriated to the purpose of a kennel, was one night broken open, and every hound as well as the panniers stolen; nor could the most diligent search ever bring to light the least trace of the robbers or their sporting appendage.

Unlike several other varieties, which are kept exclusively for show or work, according to the whim of their owner, most Beagles that have been successful on the bench have also given clear proof of working ability. From time to time, in fact, members of recognised packs have been benched at shows other than Peterborough, the rendezvous of all hunting men in July of every year, and of the animals we saw on the occasion of a visit to the kennels of Mr. M. M. A. "Cameron," who, pending removal to more comfortable quarters at Hendon, had all his pack in the vicinity of Barnet, the best workers were the animals on whom the greatest bench honours had been bestowed. The principal of these was Reader, who by his third win at Cruft's recently became en-

titled to the prefix of Champion, he being the only Beagle in the country having won so distinguished an honour. He was bred by Mr. E. B. Joachim, a gentleman who, since he entered the fancy, has spared no effort to improve the position of his favourite variety. It was, in fact, mainly through his efforts that the Kennel Club recognised the dainty little hound by giving it classification. Reader, who is 14 in. in height, is hound-marked, black, white, and tan, and has not only true Beagle type of head, but great bone and absolutely perfect legs and feet. He combines throughout substance with great quality. As a sire he is without an equal, for Rasselas, Nekayah, Lignum,



Photo. T. Fall,

RASSELAS AND READER.

Baker Street.



Photo. T. Fall,

THE PACK.

Baker Street.

and Hebe, all successful show animals, are among his progeny. Among his principal wins may be mentioned the Crystal Palace, Birmingham, Cruft's, Leicester, Nottingham, Wembley Park, Spa, Brentwood, Tunbridge Wells, Brighton, Colchester, and others.

Rasselas is a black and tan hound, an inch higher than his illustrious sire, and one of the best workers in the whole pack. Like most of Mr. Joachim's strain, he possesses great bone and well-nigh perfect legs and feet, with a good powerful head, and is just the stamp to keep green the Ringwood-Newhaven Countess strain. The latter, with her daughters Primrose Countess and Oakleigh Melody, practically founded this famous kennel, but Mr. Joachim had not been long in the fancy before he became enamoured of Lonely, who at that time was with Ringwood quite at the top of the tree. The latter good hound was owned by Mr. Warde, but for a very handsome consideration Mr. Joachim succeeded in becoming his proud possessor. With such a pair, it was only a question of luck to be able to breed some puppies far above the average, but the kennel selection did not seem a happy one, for the first litter had to be destroyed. In a later litter, however, Ringleader and Raffer were brought into the world, whilst on Ringwood being mated with Primrose Countess, the selection proved a most happy one, Ringrose and Rosewood, two of the best hounds ever whelped, being bred. The former died, however, a few days before the show of the Kennel Club, but Rosewood, a typical little hound, lived to perpetuate the strain by siring Reader, Lonely II., and Robino, a very even trio. Mr. Joachim, after several disappointments, thus being rewarded by rearing one of Lonely's litters. Since the export of Lonely to America, other hounds from this kennel, in Ringleader, Robino, and Raffer, have gone to swell the large number of home-bred animals in the States.

It had, however, been quite overlooked that there was now a dearth of blood in the country for out-breeding, most of the remaining Beagles up to show form being of the Joachim strain. Several litters were bred from Lonely II., litter sister to Reader and Piccolo, a 12in. bitch of surprising quality, but very many puppies died at an early age, a clear proof of the pernicious effects of too keen in-breeding. When the Great Central Railway Company therefore approached Mr. Joachim for the purchase



Photo. T. Fall,

RASSELAS AND NEKAYAH.

Baker Street.

of the land on which were his house and kennels, and as he found a difficulty in securing a suitable place where the hounds could be accommodated, he reluctantly decided to relinquish the fancy in which he had for so many years been such a prominent figure.

Mr. M. M. A. "Cameron," a gentleman not unknown in coursing circles, came forward and made a bid for the entire pack. Had not this offer been made, the hounds would, in all probability, have gone to America and one of the finest show kennels in the country been dispersed. Good as the pack undoubtedly was on its transfer, it is being improved by the introduction of fresh blood, Mr. Walter Reeves, who still has entire management of the kennel, having received a commission from the owner to buy up all brood bitches offered for sale. In the execution of this he has travelled all over the country, and has already added very considerably to the breeding value of the kennel. Since the pack changed hands, Mr. "Cameron" has entered exhibits at three shows, the Crystal Palace, Earl's Court, and Cruft's. His record, fourteen firsts, three seconds, and three thirds, in addition to several specials, is a meritorious one.

BIRKDALE.

A LIDDISDALE SHEPHERD.

IN Sir Walter Scott's novels nearly every class in rural Scotland, both Highlands and Lowlands, is represented by some famous character, except one, which is now perhaps the most interesting of any—the Highland and Lowland shepherds. This is partly because the sheep, in Sir Walter's

days, had not invaded the Highlands; but the flocks of the Cheviots were already famous, and Hogg, the "Ettrick shepherd," was a friend and almost a rival in Border literature. Yet, though he gives us the Liddisdale farmer Dandie Dinmont, and all his "doggies," he nowhere

portrays the fine fellows who dwell with their collies and flocks on the upland pastures. As with the masters, so with the dogs. Sir Walter even made the reputation of the Scotch terrier and Scotch deerhound by his chapters in "Guy Mannering" and "The Talisman," but the "cult of the collie" had not yet begun. It was left to an English painter to do for the guardian of the flocks what Scott did for the companions of the farmer and the laird. In the picture of "The Shepherd's Chief Mourner" he enlisted for ever the sympathy of England for the shepherd's dog, and in his paintings of the pastoral side of Highland life—of the shepherds, their children, their collies, and their sheep—he made this side of humble life in Scotland more familiar than any other to English sentiment.

The portrait of the shepherd, the collies, and the lamb here given would have gone straight to the heart of Sir Edwin. It is an ideal picture of the kindness, comradeship, and comeliness so often found



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THE SHEPHERD'S LITTLE CIRCLE.

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together in the shepherd's little circle. The handsome, bright-eyed shepherd, with his plaid beside him, the little black-nosed Cheviot lamb, and the small, finely-bred collies, the older dog nestling by his side and the other close by, might each and all of them have been models sitting to Landseer's pencil. These Lowland shepherds are a very superior class of men to the old Highland drovers of cattle. They are often in a way small partners with their masters, receiving a percentage on the lambs reared yearly, as well as a wage. They also have practical control of their flocks from year's end to year's end, moving them to different pastures, or from hill to dale, according to their judgment and discretion. Many of these shepherds appeared as witnesses before the Commission, presided over by Sir Herbert Maxwell, to inquire into the vole plague which devastated parts of Roxburghshire and Dumfriesshire, and their evidence was marked by excellent good sense and the keenest observation of all that took place upon the hills. One of these shepherds bore the name of Glendinning, so familiar to readers of "The Monastery" and "The Abbot," and the whole of the report has a flavour of border life alike pleasing and suggestive. The voles practically "ate up" the sheep—that is, they ate up all the sheep's food on the high pastures. As the shepherd is really a recent institution in Scotland, and has had to win his way to fame after the days of romance were over, so the collie dog has had to make his reputation on his merits. At first he was looked on with contempt by the lairds, and abominated by all deer-stalkers as a noisy disturbing intruder on the mountains, where they had formerly found the deer undisturbed by sheep. In Charles St. John one notes two views of the collie—a recognition of its cleverness as the shepherd's companion, and a dislike of its presence on the hills and its noisy yelping habits. But the steady increase in intelligence in this species, due entirely to its constant and daily training as a "helper and server" to the shepherds, has now placed it at the very top of the list of animals used even in sport. It has displaced the deerhound itself, and we now find such authorities as Cameron of Lochiel advocating the use of collies, not only for the tracking and recovery of wounded deer, but even for the hot pursuit of a wounded animal. The anecdotes related of their cleverness in this work amply justify their reputation. C. J. CORNISH.



OUR illustration this week is of the Japanese Anemone or Wind-flower (*A. japonica*), a beautiful flower from Japan, which has become established in all good gardens. The group represented shows the fine effect of boldly raising a handsome perennial, and in every garden almost the same vigour and abundance of flowers may be obtained as shown in the illustration. Big pure white flowers are always acceptable, but especially so late in the year, and a mass of this Anemone will give liberal quantities for the house or to send to friends. The type has rosy-coloured flowers, but in the variety named *alba*, or *Honorine Jobert*, they are pure white relieved by the golden stamens in the



F. Mason Good. A CROUP OF THE JAPANESE ANEMONE. Copyright

centre. There are several new forms, such as *Hybrida*, *Whirlwind*, and *Lady Ardilaun*. Of the many new kinds we think the most worthy is *Lady Ardilaun*. From what we have seen of the plant it is stronger and bolder in every way than the variety *alba*, and the strong stems bear large flowers, with a double row of robust petals, indeed, it may be called semi-double, without losing the graceful beauty of the older kinds. *A. japonica* and its varieties are very hardy, and enjoy a rich soil, moisture, and a little shade, although it must be a poor garden in which they will not thrive well.

THE JAPANESE QUINCE.

Few shrubs are more enjoyable in the spring months than the Japanese Quince (*Cydonia japonica*) and its varieties. We were pleased to find bushes

of them lately in the sheltered gardens at Hampton Court Palace, the bright red and paler forms creating gay masses of colour, so profuse is the flower display. In many a sunny cottage garden this *Cydonia* is at home, spreading freely into a luxuriant, shapely bush, smothered with brilliant flowers, softened by the tender green of the new leaves. On old walls it is also a feature, and wherever seen a pleasant spring picture. Some varieties are richer even than the familiar type, such as *Cardinalis*, deep crimson, a splendid colour; *rosea*, *alba*, and pale pink; but the more intense colours are the most effective. *C. Manlei* is not so strong in growth as *Japonica*, but the bright orange and scarlet flowers have much charm, clothing every shoot in spring. This is the kind that bears large golden-coloured fruits in autumn—fruits more spicy in fragrance than those of the Quince itself. Of course, the common Quince is a beautiful tree or shrub, and needs no commendation.

THE AMARYLLIS, OR HIPPEASTRUM.

The hybridiser has been working for many years past to raise a race of *Amaryllis* that shall be perfect in form, and reach the utmost limit of flower colouring. Few greenhouse flowers are bolder or handsomer than the *Amaryllis*, which in the spring season of the year are in full beauty. We have seen for many years past the annual displays in the nursery of Messrs. J. Veitch and Sons, Royal Exotic Nursery, Chelsea, and praised the hybridist who through many years has striven to create new breaks of colour or purify existing shades. One object has been to eliminate the green tinge in the flower, and secure varieties of pure self-colour or shades of it. A true white variety has yet to be raised, and we hope that a flower so refined and handsome, as such an acquisition must be, will not long be delayed. Deep crimsons, scarlets, vermillion, and white barred and feathered with red abound, filling the greenhouse with strong colour in March and early April. We must pay a warm tribute to Captain Holford, of Westonbirt, who has shown great interest in the *Amaryllis*. For many years past the plant has been grown with great success at Westonbirt, and many splendid varieties have had their birth there. At the first March meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society, Captain Holford was awarded a certificate for a variety called *Beacon*, a sumptuous flower, almost perfect in form, and of that glowing velvety crimson colour represented in many a hybrid perpetual rose. We hope that *Amaryllis* raising will be continued in the future, and such rich rewards result.

GROWING THE AMARYLLIS.

We feel assured that our readers would like to know how Captain Holford grows his plants with such remarkable success. Perhaps he would kindly give an outline of his treatment. Many would add *Amaryllis* to their collections if they knew how to manage them so as to achieve such results as one sees at the London exhibitions. We give a few hints regarding the culture of the bulbs. They are not troublesome to grow, although sometimes considered so, hence we fear many who would cultivate them are deterred by thoughts of practically certain failure. It is needless to use much fire-heat, sufficient, however, to dispel damp and protect from frost. The time to pot the bulbs is about the middle of January, placing them about half their depth in soil composed of the best turfy loam procurable, mixed with well-decayed manure and sharp silver sand. Then plunge the pots in tan. Water is then necessary whenever the soil becomes dry, and give at the end of February a little bottom heat, keeping the temperature of the house at about 55deg. When the flowers have faded keep the plants in growth, giving plenty of air during the summer and autumn, with shade from very hot suns. It is essential to ripen the bulbs thoroughly. The Messrs. Veitch never give water to the plants from August until the end of the following February.

SCILLAS AND CHIONODOXAS IN THE GRASS.

Fresh and pretty in every way are the early *Scillas* and *Chionodoxas* when planted in broad groups in the grass. The blue of the flowers is as pleasurable as the Bluebell of the woods, and the bulbs are now reasonable in price and happy in most soils. Blue is a colour, too, that tells in the early months of the year, when the leaves are yet to come and the grass is green, their effect being still richer when pines, cedar, or trees of sombre colouring are near. We have enjoyed the *Scilla* and *Chionodoxa* groups in the Royal Gardens, Kew, this year.

TUFTED PANSIES IN SHRUBBY BEDS.

We often think gardens might be made infinitely more pleasurable if hardy plants were judiciously introduced into beds of shrubby plants, as *Azaleas*, *Rhododendrons*, *Kalmias*, and many other things. A deep, self-coloured Pansy by the margin of or amongst deciduous shrubs would increase the beauty of the bed, and give colour for many months. Pansies may be planted freely, too, by the margin, and they will spread into the shrub group, seeking the shade they delight in.

THE DORONICUMS.

Amongst spring flowers few are more vigorous than the *Leopards'-bans*, or *Doronicums*. The finest variety is that known as *Doronicum plantagineum excelsum*, which is the same as *Harpur Crewe*. This bears over a long season large rich yellow flowers, and a group of sturdy plants in full bloom is a welcome feature in the garden. *D. caucasicum* is similar but smaller. The plants will thrive almost anywhere and in any soil. They are almost weedy, so strong is the growth and vigorous the far-spreading roots.



WOOD PIGEONS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I do not know if it would interest any of your readers to know that here, in Cambridge Gate, Regent's Park, we have a visit every morning from a lovely pair of wood pigeons. These birds come on my bedroom balcony and clear up the biscuits and bread provided for our little friends the sparrows, and are so tame that they do not notice our movements in the room, even close to the window. The wood pigeon is such a shy bird, even in the country, I thought the particulars might interest some bird lovers.—MARY GORDON NICOL.

TWO FAITHFUL SERVANTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As a regular subscriber to your paper from the first, and seeing that you are glad of anything in connection with country life, I am sending you a photograph, which you may make use of if you think it worth while. The details are: "Fuzzy" Brown, aged seventy-six; grey mare, aged thirty-five; both been on the estate all their lives, and in the employ of Salisbury Baxendale thirty years, and are still going on.—SALISBURY BAXENDALE, JUN.



[A touching picture of two faithful servants.—ED.]

REMARKABLE JUMPING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of February 19th you have an account of a horse jumpin out of and into his box of his own free will. An almost similar occurrence happened to a horse of mine, a four year old, 15.2. He was in a stable with a door opening in halves, the open upper half being 3ft. 9in. by 4ft. 6in., the lower half 3ft. 8in. by 4ft. 6in. Whenever he got loose (he was tied in a stall) he would jump through the door, play about in the yard, and then jump back again of his own accord. One of his peculiar jumps or doings has already been recorded in your paper, when as a two year old, 15.1, he jumped through a dung-hill door, 3ft. 6in. by 3ft. 7in., without touching door or frame.—A. G. CAMPBELL.

MANCHESTER TERRIERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—What is the difference between a black and tan and a Manchester terrier? Lieut.-Colonel Dean, who lives not far from where I write, has a very nice team of small, I always understood to be, black and tan terriers. At a show I lately visited, I heard similar dogs described as Manchester terriers. Which is the correct description and are they hardy dogs, suitable for the country?—AUGHTON.

[The black and tan and Manchester terrier are identical. It is a most delicate variety, and unless you can keep the dog in the house, we would not advise you to think of taking up the breed. Cropping is now illegal, and the ears should therefore be V shaped and hang close to the head above the eyes. The nose should, most decidedly, be black, and the head, long, flat, and narrow, level and wedge shaped. The best show in the country at which to see black and tans in any number is the Manchester Autumn Show, generally held early in October or November. Mr. J. Hazzlewood, Bank Bridge House, Clayton, Lancashire, is the hon. secretary.—ED.]

DESCRIPTION OF A COLLIE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose three photographs of a favourite collie, and should be much obliged if you could tell me, through your correspondence column, how the breed should be described. He is a very straight-limbed, graceful, and active dog, and a splendid mover, nose much blunter and shorter and brain-pan more prominent than in the fashionable type. He was sold to me as a puppy by Wilson of Capheaton, as sired by Champion Bob, taker of first prizes at Alnwick, Hexham, Bellingham, etc., nothing being said as to the mother.—MURES.

[Judging by the photographs, your dog is descended from a Highland or bearded collie. None of the shows named were held under Kennel Club rules, so it is impossible to trace the pedigree of Bob. Your dog certainly has the head of a bearded collie, but in other respects he is quite typical of the ordinary rough-coated sheepdog. The variety is well adapted for work on the farm, and is far more easily trained than the ordinary collie. The bearded species is not recognised as a show dog, although Mr. Panmure Gordon, president of the Scottish Kennel Club, who is a very great admirer of the breed, guaranteed a class at a South Country show in the summer.—ED.]

COLOURS OF THE FIRST-CLASS CRICKET COUNTIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With reference to your interesting answer to a correspondent in your issue of the 2nd April under the above heading, I would venture to ask if you are not in error as to your statement that "Middlesex have no colours." I was playing last season in a cricket week with four of the regular county players, and incidentally raised the question of county colours, pointing particularly to Dr. Thornton's cap, and asking what the arms were intended to signify—a dark blue cap with apparently three scimitars, one above the other: very similar to Essex. If I remember aright the answer was to the effect that they were intended to represent scimitars, but in any case it was the county cap, and I have a photograph of the group before me now, in which the cap is most distinct. I cannot speak for any coat. I shall be interested to read your kind answer to this.—INNER TEMPLE.

[Our correspondent is correct, and we are sorry to have been in error. On further enquiry it seems that, for the first time, in the Whit-Monday match of last year the Middlesex men wore the club colours described by "Inner Temple." Previously each member of the team could wear what colours he pleased, and as the eleven was largely composed of amateur talent the 'Varsity and I Zingari generally predominated.—ED.]

THE CLOSE SEASON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Is it lawful to expose black game or partridges at this time of the year for sale, and, if not, why do not the police interfere?—C. W. B.

[It is unlawful in the case of English birds. The poulterers always say the birds are foreign, and it is difficult to disprove the statement.—ED.]

DISEASED VIOLETS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I wish you would help me to get good violets. I bought a collection of the best varieties, double and single, strong healthy tufts which when put in last autumn for winter flowering seemed likely to give me an abundant harvest of bloom. But, alas! some enemy has deprived me of their fragrant flowers, and my stock is no more. I have not touched the plants, as I thought I would write you before I cleared them out.—LADY GARDENER.

[Complaints are numerous of losses amongst the violets this year. Evidently, from what we can see of the specimen sent, it is the work of a fungus which has played great havoc this season. You have the consolation of knowing that your case is far from an isolated one. Unfortunately, there is little chance of ultimate recovery. In so bad a case we would pull up the entire stock and burn it. Remove all the old soil from the frame, bury it, and also thoroughly wash the frame with soft soap and water.—ED.]

WATER-LILIES IN SMALL LAKE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I see in COUNTRY LIFE some notes on water-lilies and their culture. I have a piece of water in my garden of about three-quarters of an acre, and have often thought of planting it with Nymphaeas; but as it is stocked with trout I have never done so for fear of their spreading all over the pond and spoiling the fishing. I shall be greatly obliged if you can tell me whether this is likely to occur, or if the plants can be kept in check without emptying the pond to cut out the roots.—E. E.

[You could not have many water-lilies upon your pond if you intend to reserve it for trout. The Nymphaeas are very robust in growth, and spread considerably, especially such kinds as N. Mariacea chromatella. Why not try some of the smaller forms, as pygmaea, Helveola, Robinsoni, ignea, etc.? If you would like descriptions of these smaller kinds we shall be pleased to assist you. When fishing amongst these beautiful water flowers you must take care not to injure the growths.—ED.]



MONDAY: Notes from my diary should run thus to-day—
"I met a primrose on the bank. I was very pleased to meet that primrose. I interviewed a violet at the root of a tree—I greeted it with joy. I made friends with a new



LIGHT CLOTH CAPE TRIMMED WHITE RIBBON AND BLACK SEQUINS.

leaf on the lilac bush, and never felt so pleased with any fresh acquaintance in my life." Oh! spring is in the air, and I am so delighted with it all round; and I am in the country, and I have forgotten that I ever vowed myself a devotee, heart and hand and soul and brain, to chiffons and clothes. My relations look at me anxiously while I moon about the grounds and sniff the air and go into ecstasies over every little blossom poking its head above the ground. My mother says to me gently:

"Did you not expect violets and primroses and daffodils in the month of April, my dear?" Yes, I did expect them; but this is one of the instances in which realisation is not the grave of anticipation. I have been gently but firmly led from the garden at all hours of the day and night, I refuse to go in to meals, and I lounge on the half-damp grass and listen to the wonderful sounds of spring, the insects and the birds telling each other all about it. It does not seem to me to matter much whether one wears a flannel shirt or a chiffon ball-gown, and I have intense desire for my own society, which I am warned I shall shortly be allowed to enjoy uninterruptedly. It appears I am not amusing under my spring-bound aspect, so I will not write any more to-day; I will sit and stare out of the window and enjoy the indolence of a waving worm which is just crawling up through the brown earth of my flower-box.

WEDNESDAY: I am better. I was just as bad yesterday, so I refrained from a written expression of my feelings. To-day I am quite used to the fact that it is spring, and in earnest contemplation of the shirts of others have I discovered much food for reflection. We are a large party staying down here, and an intimate.

This morning over breakfast a portion of the conversation flowed thus:—

Essie to Nellie: "Is your shirt made of washing silk?"

Nellie to Essie: "Yes."

Essie (sympathetically): "Why do you not have it washed?"

On such lines may true friendship run.

English washing silk is a beautiful fabric. It is new to the public this year, but I had the pleasure of a private acquaintance with it last season. It is either to be found plain or striped; it only costs 1s. 3d. a yard; it is considerably thicker than pongee, and it possesses all its merits. The shirt which thus excited Essie's unkind comments was white—or at least it had been—made with a tucked bodice and muslin collar and cuffs. The shirt is a garment which commends itself either to the simplest outlines or the most expensive elaborations. A shirt of mauve and white striped English washing silk is amongst my possessions, made with a yoke-piece fastening down one side, finished at the neck with a collar of white lawn, and a tie to match with lawn insertions at the edge of that tie. These shirts, which fasten down the side quite plainly, are very becoming to the figure, and they look well in fine striped cashmere as well as in the silks. Half a dozen silk shirts, a blue serge skirt, three white serge skirts, and a homespun bicycling skirt, would form an excellent everyday wardrobe for any woman who is to have the good fortune of spending her springtime in the country. Such, alas! is not to be my lot; to-morrow I go back to London.

This afternoon we went for a long ride. Nine of us started together, and I again realised what I have always known, that to join a bicycling party is a programme fraught with much solitude. Those other people are always just in front or just behind, while the country roads have an unsympathetic habit of being too narrow to admit of six bicycles abreast, and lumbering waggons have an unpleasant knack of meeting you face to face as you turn a sharp corner. I spent five minutes in a ditch, happily a dry one; but altogether I enjoyed myself immensely, and wanted to talk about the delights of feeling the spring air in my face, and the scent of the hedges, but I was abruptly silenced by Nellie the soulless, who can only find in the blue of the sky and the green of the grass suggestions for a combination of colours to make a waistband for her jet evening gown.

THURSDAY: How reluctantly I left Hertfordshire and arrived at this busy metropolis, where everything looks very dull and grey, the people not having recovered entirely from their Easter holiday-making. The shops are rather empty of persons, but crowded with new clothes, and offering temptations to the idler by the way; so after lunching at the Savoy to approve the talents of M. Joseph, I went out on a buying expedition. There is no use sighing regretfully over old fields and pastures green when I have to stay here, so I must buy new frocks to becomingly grace the position.

A little mauve and white checked canvas skirt I want, with a mauve cloth coat, and a white soft satin shirt. This, crowned with a mauve straw hat turned up with a large bunch of shaded convolvuli, would have excellent results. Then I fancy an alpaca dress would be a good investment. This needs careful manipulation, and the authorities showed me to-day an alpaca so prepared that it is impervious to rain, and will neither spot nor cockle under the most aggressive shower. This is a

new discovery, which can be applied to cloths and stuffs of all kinds—it is called the "Pirle" finish. Here's to the good health of its promoters, for one of the great disadvantages of alpaca was its shrinking modesty before the advances of water—it resented them absolutely. Alpaca is a material which I have always loved. There are few materials which look better in ivory tone, and I have met many a good bridesmaid's costume made of this, elaborately trimmed with *écru* guipure. What a rage there is this year for *écru* guipure! In single patterns and continuous lines it decorates many of the new canvas and linen frocks labelled "Paris"; and one of the best dresses for half mourning which I have seen for many years is of black cashmere, with patterns of white lace inserted transparently over a white silk lining.

The ideal tea-gown of my dreams still continues to be one of black lace lined with Liberty satin in white, and, in spite of the fact that my mother persistently declares girls in her young days



BLACK DRESS EMBROIDERED JET AND STEEL.

did not wear tea-gowns, a girl in my young days hankers after such possession.

Black shares with white lace the favour of the feminine populace, and for a summer gown for maid or matron white batiste with fine black lace insertions offers itself persuasively. And how can any woman sit here and write when the sun is streaming in at the window. I cannot even do my duty by the pictures presented; these shall be left to the intelligence of my readers, it being obvious to the merest tyro that my readers have intelligence—great intelligence. But I will observe that the cape of drab cloth has frills cut on the round, followed by triple rows of white baby ribbon with an embroidery of jet and steel between each, and the jet gown has a fichu of cream-coloured lace; and now, like the heroine of Byron's poem, who, saying she would ne'er consent, consented, I find I have described those pictures.